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THE LIBRARIES OF BACON and BEN JONSON

HOW THEY MARKED THEIR BOOKS.

By G. R. ROSE.

EXCEPT to a few collectors, and some of those in the Booksellers business, the numerous and peculiar marks made by Bacon and Ben Jonson in their books are unheeded, or not recognized for what they are worth.

Many of these books were collected by the late Mr. W. T. Smedley, and are now preserved in a famous American library. Several containing Ben Jonson's signature and/or marks are mentioned in Herford and Simpson's *Ben Jonson* (Vol. I, Appendix IV, pp. 251-271). The editors of this edition have promised a supplementary list in the final volume, should there be occasion for one.

Many of Ben Jonson's books, now in this country or America, have been omitted from the list, some having been sold as they occurred in Booksellers' catalogues, or from the auction rooms direct to the principal libraries and private collections. Many, too bear extensive marginal annotations, as do a large number formerly in the library of Francis Bacon. The annotations are sometimes in Greek or Latin; others in English. Frequently we find similar marks in books which had passed through the hands of both Bacon and Jonson, and it is a reasonable supposition that Jonson had access to Bacon's library, and *vise versa*, for we sometimes find marginal annotations and designs of both writers in the same volume. Jonson's library has been described as an "arsenal of learning." Lord Pembroke gave Jonson twenty pounds every New Year's day to buy books. The marks of Jonson are known because some of the books containing them bear his name, motto, and neat handwriting. The symbols and handwriting are the same in others that do not bear his autograph, and many of these books may be assigned to him with certainty.

Some specimens of the marks of Bacon and Jonson accompany this article. Those who own books belonging to, or prior to,

their period should examine them for such marks. The examples given are by no means exhaustive.

A good instance is provided by Polydore Vergil's *Urbanatio Anglicae Historiae*, Libri XXVI, (Basel, 1534). It was sold at Sotheby's in August 1942 from the late W. B. Duke's library. The volume contains some interesting pen and ink drawings in the margins, which were identified by two experts as being by Bacon. One clue, apart from a comparison between the certified writings in Bacon's hand, (in itself fairly conclusive) is the presence of a trefoil as used by Bacon and Jonson in several places, and sometimes combined in the drawings. These drawings are of historical episodes mentioned in the text. The book was at one time in the possession of Professor Hodgkin, who wrote a brochure on the volume in 1860, reproducing 50 of these marginal sketches. No signature or motto of Bacon appeared in any place in the book (Bacon rarely wrote his name in books), but the notes are in his writing, as appears from a comparison with other examples from his pen. Professor Hodgkin failed to perceive the hand of Bacon in the annotations and sketches, and attributed them to a date about 1550, because the fashions depicted in the drawings "may be assumed as not later than 1550."

Other symbols used by Bacon and Ben Jonson included various forms of bracketting, crosses, pointing hands, curious stars, three dots over a vertical line, or three little circles similarly placed; and other hieroglyphics.

Barclay's *Argenis*, in a folio MS. of about 300 leaves, written on paper certainly before 1600, and entirely in the autograph of Bacon, was formerly owned by Mr. Smedley. Here were many long passages corrected on extra leaves and slips. Other alterations, deletions and additions were present.

There is an edition of Polydore Vergil's *English History* (Book XXVII), Basel, 1557, containing annotations on pp. 19-20, where the story of King Lear appears, also the familiar hands with long pointing index fingers, calling attention to certain parts of the text. There are also many notes on the pages concerning Henry VII and Henry VIII—the history being dedicated to the latter.

Although the trefoil mark is found in books which both Bacon and Jonson possessed, the symbol was undoubtedly Bacon's before it was Jonson's. It occurs in connection with Bacon's handwriting soon after 1580—shortly after his return from the Continent. Many books annotated by Bacon in his very early handwriting bear no trefoils.

The so called "Shakespeare" copy of Florio's *Montaigne* (1603), now in the British Museum, and which contains a signature alleged to be that of Shakespeare, bears in its margins and elsewhere, manuscript notes by Francis Bacon; also his marks, which appear in other books formerly in his possession, *viz.*, a crescent

moon, the sign of the Caduceus of Mercury, the trefoil (in two places), the letters NB (which occur in many of Bacon's books); the numerals $\begin{smallmatrix}1\\2\\3\end{smallmatrix}$ &c.

The late Mr. W. T. Smedley in his *Mystery of Francis Bacon* (1912) p. 159, advanced the theory that when Bacon read a book he made marginal notes in it—the object being mainly to assist his memory; but the critical notes in his books are numerous. When these books are examined, and the notes translated, the meaning of the phrase "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," will be better understood.

The most remarkable reference to these annotations occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece* (1594) St. 15:

> Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,
> Writ in the glassie margents of such books.

A further notable allusion occurs in Romeo and Juliet (1-3):

> Read ore the *volume* of young Paris face,
> And find delight writ there with Beauties *pen*:
> Examine euery severall liniament,
> And see how one another lends content:
> And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
> *Find written in the Margent* of his eyes,
> This precious Booke, &c.

The subject of these marks is an extremely interesting one, and it is to be hoped that a time will come when a thorough investigation will be made and published, with the books and dates in which each is found.

BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND WAR.

By W. S. Melsome, M.A., M.D.

IF ten men were to write about Bacon, Shakespeare and war, no two of them would write alike, but they would all be forced to admit that whatever Bacon thought of war Shakespeare thought the same; that they both argued for and against war; that they both disliked a civil war, but were not averse from a foreign war to prevent mutinies at home. They both thought that civil wars were caused by "*griefs and discontentments*," and Bacon says our word "*discontentment*" comes from the Latin word "*invidia*," which means "envy"; and that "*Envy . . . is a disease in a state like to infection.*" (*Essay* 9).

It is like the "envious FEVER" in Troilus and Cressida, by which "many are infect." (*Troilus*, I, 1, 133 and 187).

Note the distance between "envious fever" and "many are infect" (54 lines), as if the author wished to hide his identity, by not letting us know too easily that he thought exactly as Bacon did; namely, that "A civil war indeed is like the heat of a FEVER." (*Works*, VI, p. 450).

But, Francis Bacon, although you can fool most men all the time, yet you cannot fool all men all the time. You could not fool that band of eminent Latin or Greek scholars in Oxford University who in the sixties of last century determined to ferret you out, and who unanimously concluded that you were the culprit.*

Bacon says the Greeks were "*full of divisions amongst themselves*" (*Life*, III, p. 97), and it was these divisions, these civil wars, which Shakespeare calls ENVIOUS FEVERS, that were the cause of their WEAKNESS; and that is why he makes Ulysses say,

> "And 'tis this FEVER that keeps Troy on foot,
> Not her own sinews . . .
> Troy in our WEAKNESS stands, not in her strength."
> (*Troilus*, I, 3, 135).
>
> "Wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
> The FEVER whereof all our power is sick."
> (*Ib.*, I, 3, 138).

In 2 *Henry IV* Shakespeare calls it a burning FEVER:—

> "We are all diseased,
> And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
> Have brought ourselves into a burning FEVER,
> And we must bleed for it; of which disease
> Our late King, Richard, being INFECTED, died."
> (IV, 1, 54).

*We shall have more to say about these scholars in another place.

Thus we see, as Bacon says, that "*ENVY . . . is a disease in a state like to INFECTION*" and this ENVY is caused by "*griefs or discontents*"; for

"When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person." (*Ib.*, IV, 1, 77).

Writing of the "*seditions and troubles*" in the reign of Henry VII, Bacon says, "*When the king was advertised of this new insurrection, being almost a FEVER that took him every year.*" (*Works*, VI, p. 89). When these envious fevers became a danger to the State Bacon and Shakespeare thought that the best physic was an HONOURABLE foreign war.

Bacon Arguing against war Bacon says "*The merit of war is too outwardly glorious to be inwardly grateful.*" (*Life*, I, p. 383).

Shak. "Princes have but their titles for their glory,
An outward honour for an inward toil." (*R3*, I, 4, 78).

Bacon "*Princes are like to heavenly bodies which cause good or evil times*" (as "when the planets in evil mixture to disorder wander" (*Troilus*, I, 3, 94), *and which have much veneration but no rest.*" (*Essay* 19).

Again:—

Bacon "*In this manner the aforesaid instructors set before the king the example of the celestial bodies, the sun, the moon and the rest, which have great glory and veneration but no intermission or rest.*" (*Life*, III, p. 90).

Again, in his Exempla Antithetorum:—

Bacon "*Princes, like celestial bodies, have much veneration but no rest.*" (*De Aug.*, VI, III).

Shak "And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares." (*R3*, I, 4, 80).

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." (*2H4*, III, 1, 31).

Bacon But "*this* (Richmond) *is the lad that shall possess quietly that, that we now strive for.*" (*Hist. Hen. VII*).

Shak. "This pretty lad (Richmond) will prove our country's bliss,
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne."
(*3H6*, IV, 6, 70).

THE NOISE OF WAR.

Bacon "*Come out (man of war) you must be ever in noise.*" (*Life*, I, p. 384).

Bacon "*The humour of war is raving.*" (*Ib.*, p. 381).

Bacon "*Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease, We are worse in peace.*" (*Works*, VII, p. 272).

Shak. "What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud." (*Coriol.*, I, 1, 172).

"Peace is a very apoplexy." (*Coriol.*, IV, 5, 238); and

"This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy." (2*H*4, I, 2, 126);

Bacon "*For men's minds are enervated and their manners corrupted by sluggish and inactive peace.*" (*De Aug.*, VIII, III).

Shak. "The cankers of a calm world and a long peace." (1 *H*4, IV, 2, 32).

Bacon "*In a slothful peace both courage will effeminate and manners corrupt.*" (*Essay* 29).

Shak. "Plenty and peace breeds cowards." (*Cymb.*, III, 6, 21).

Shak. "Ay, and it makes men hate one another." (*Coriol.*, IV, 5, 246).

Shak. "You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another." (*Ib.*, I, 1, 191).

Bacon "*One man simply a wolf to another.*" (*De Aug.*, VIII, II, *parabola* 25).

Now is the time for an HONOURABLE foreign war:—

Bacon "*If it please God to change the inward troubles and seditions, wherewith he hath been hitherto exercised, into an HONOURABLE foreign war.*" (*Works*, VI, p. 78).

Bacon "*My people and I know one another, which breeds confidence, and if there should be any bad blood left in the Kingdom, an HONOURABLE foreign war will VENT it or purify it.*" (*Works*, VI, p. 119).

Shak. "The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms."
"I'm glad on't: then we shall ha' means
To VENT our musty superfluity." (*Coriol.*, I, 1, 228).

There was not enough bread for the people, and Coriolanus apparently thinks it well to get rid of the excess of people (our musty superfluity), by making them fight the Volscians, and so to end the mutiny at home.

Shakespeare writes of an HONOURABLE war in *King John* (II, 1, 573 and 585) where "tickling commodity" draws

the French King "from a resolved and HONOURABLE war." But Bacon also speaks of "a JUST and HONOURABLE war." (*Essay* 29), and so does Shakespeare.

We have just seen that "*if there should be any bad blood left in the kingdom an honourable foreign war will vent or purify it.*" (*Hist. Henry VII*).

Henry IV knew there was bad blood in the kingdom caused by his usurpation of the crown and the subsequent murder of Richard II; and that is why he advised his son (*Henry V*) to follow Bacon's advice; which was, "*an energetic foreign policy calculated to distract the people from internal politics.*" (Bacon's *Commentarius solutus*).

Bacon

Shak.

"Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of former days."
(*2H4*, IV, 5, 214).

Moreover Shakespeare makes Henry V go, disguised, among his soldiers by night, and speaking of himself in the third person, he says,

"His cause being JUST, and his quarrel
HONOURABLE." (*H5*, IV, 1, 132).

It is well known that Bacon, in his Essex Device, puts up a man to argue in favour of war and another to argue against it; and in *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare makes Hector argue against and Troilus in favour of war, and in Hector's speech there are six and a half lines which contain six reminders of Bacon. The lines are:—

"There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to SUCK IN the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst." (*Troilus*, II, 2, 11).

"There is no lady of more SOFTER bowels." (Hector's speech). Hector was a young man, and

"*A young man's bowels are SOFT and SUCCULENT.*" (*Juveni viscera mollia et succulenta*"—*Works*, II, p. 210).

Bacon

Bacon

And "*the bowels are expressive of charity.*" (Bacon's *Prometheus*).

Therefore, there is no lady more charitable than Hector. (See later).

But a young man's bowels are also succulent; and "*succulenta*" comes from succus and sugere to suck.

Therefore, there is no lady whose bowels are "more SPONGY to SUCK IN the sense of fear."

Bacon And "*Doubts are as so many SUCKERS or SPONGES to draw use of knowledge.*" (*Adv.*, II, 8, 5).

Bacon "*The king himself, whose continual vigilancy did SUCK IN sometimes causeless suspicions.*"
(*Hist. Hen. VII—Works* VI, p. 57).

"SUCK IN the sense of fear." (*Hector's speech*).

And "there is no lady more ready to cry out, 'who knows what follows?' than Hector is." (Not even Cassandra.)

Bacon "*Distrust is the sinew of wisdom.*" (*De Aug.*, VI, III).

And

Shak. "Modest doubt is call'd the beacon of the wise."
(*Hector's speech*).

Compare "Modest doubt" and "spongy to SUCK IN" with
"*Doubts are as so many SUCKERS or SPONGES to draw.*"

Hector was a young man, and

Bacon "*A young man is full of bounty and mercy.*"
(*Juveni benignitas et misericordia*"—*Works* II p. 212).

And this "misericordia" (pity, which is the mother of mercy) is Hector's prevailing vice:—

Troilus: "Brother, you have that vice of mercy in you."
Hector: "What vice is that, good Troilus?"
Troilus: "When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid him rise, and live."
Hector: "O, 'tis fair play." (*Troilus*, V, 3, 37).

But why is this kind of mercy a vice? Because, says Bacon,

"*He who shows mercy to his enemy denies it to himself.*"
(*De Aug.*, VI, III).

Therefore, says Troilus to Hector,

"For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers."
(*Ib.*, V, 3, 44).

Compare *Richard II*:—

"Forget to pity him lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart."
(*V*, 3, 57).

Judge now whether "there is no lady of more softer bowels" (more charitable) "than Hector."

OVER-CONFIDENCE

Shak. "Consider, sir, the chance of war."
(*Cymb.*, V, 5, 75).

Bacon "*Respice res bello varias.*"
("Consider the varying chances of war."—*Promus*, 1101).

Shak. "The wound of peace is surety, surety secure";
(*Hector's speech*).

Bacon and "*Whoever undertakes a war with prudence, generally falls upon the enemy unprepared, and nearly in a state of security.*"
(*De Aug.*, II, XIII).

Shak. "This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,*
Embrace we then this opportunity."
(1*H6*, II, 1, 11);

Shak. "And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy."
(*Macb.*, III, 5, 32).

Bacon "*A subject well deserving to lie continually before princes, for their diligent meditation; lest by over-rating their own strength, they should rashly engage in too difficult and vain enterprises.*" (*De Aug.*, VIII, III);

Shak. And "who knows what follows?"
(*Hector's speech*);

Shak. for "the end of war's uncertain."
(*Coriol.*, V, 3, 141),

Shak. And "the end of it unknown to the beginning."
(*Ib.*, III, 1, 329).
"The tent that searches to the BOTTOM of the worst."
(*Hector's speech*).

A tent, or probe, is an instrument used by surgeons to search to the bottom of a wound, for a foreign body, or a piece of dead bone.

Shak. "Now to the BOTTOM dost thou search my wound."
(*Titus*, II, 3, 262).

But Bacon and Shakespeare were equally fond of using men as instruments.

The Earl of Lincoln (killed at Stoke-field) would have been such an instrument in the hands of Henry VII, who "*was sorry for the earl's death, because, by him, he might have known the BOTTOM of his danger.*"
(*Hist. Henry VII—Works*, VI, p. 47).

Henry would have probed the earl "*to discover to the BOTTOM of his intentions.*"† (*Ib.*, p. 144).

Shak. "Now I see the BOTTOM of your purpose."
(*All's Well*, III, 7, 29).

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*The King (*Henry VII*) "was never cruel when he was secure" (*sine cura*, without care, i.e., without fear for himself.—*Works*, VI, p. 193).
"Assailed the enemies' camp, negligently guarded, as being out of fear."—*Works*, VI, p. 100).

†Again, on page 194—"To learn out the BOTTOM of the conspiracy." Compare Shakespeare—"Try it out." (*H5*, IV, 1, 169).

Bacon *"When my Lord President of the Council came first to be Lord Treasurer, he complained to my Lord Chancellor of the troublesomeness of his PLACE; for that the exchequer was so empty. The Lord Treasurer answered, "My Lord, be of good cheer, for now you shall see the BOTTOM of your business at the first."* (*Works*, VII, p. 170).

Shak. "It concerns me to look into the BOTTOM of my PLACE." (*Meas.*, I, 1, 79).

Shak. "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the BOTTOM of my grief?"
(*Romeo*, III, 5, 198).

Bacon *"The king had gotten for his purpose two INSTRUMENTS, Empsom and Dudley."*
(*Works*, VI, p. 217).

Shak. "INSTRUMENTS of some more mightier member that sets them on." (*Meas.*, V, 1, 237).

Shak. "Call me what INSTRUMENT you will."
(*Ham.*, III, 2, 387).

Shak. "What poor an INSTRUMENT may do a noble deed."
(*Ant. & Cleo.*, V, 2, 236).

So much then for "the tent that searches to the BOTTOM of the worst."

Bacon *"I know not how but martial men are given to love."* (*Essay* 10), and *"this passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness, which are, great prosperity and great adversity."* (*Ib.*)

Shak. "Prosperity's the very bond of love."
(*W. Tale*, IV, 4, 583).

After his war with France, Henry V was at the very height of prosperity, and it was then that he made love to Katharine. He purposed to have her for his comfort and consort, just as Anthony Bacon was *"comfort and consort"* to his brother Francis (*Northumberland MS.*). But he also wanted that other kind of consort which Bacon speaks of in his *Sylva Sylvarum* (§ 278) and which we now spell "concert" (orchestral music); he wanted to hear Katharine's broken music:—

Bacon *"In that music which we call BROKEN music, or CONSORT music, some consorts of instruments are sweeter than others . . . organs and the voice agree well."*
(*Syl. Syl.*, § 278.)

Nashe *"He speaks nothing but BROKEN English like a French doctor."* (*Vol.* III, p. 240).

But if it's a she "her voice is music," as in *Edward III*, II, 1, 106, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, 2, 119 and 20.

Then she speaks BROKEN music and BROKEN English like a French princess:—

Shak. "Come, your answer in BROKEN music; for thy voice is music, and thy English BROKEN; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break your mind to me in BROKEN English; wilt thou have me?"
(*H5*, V, 2, 293).

Again in his 37th essay:—

Bacon "*I understand that the song be in quire placed aloft, and accompanied with some BROKEN music.*"

Shak. "What music is this? I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts . . . Here is good BROKEN music." (*Troilus*, III, 1, 17 and 52).

Turn now to *Romeo and Juliet* (III, 1, 47) and observe that the author takes a similar interest in these two kinds of CONSORT:—

Shak. "Mercutio, thou CONSORT'ST with Romeo."
"CONSORT! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords."

Bacon "*The sense of hearing and the kinds of music have most operation on manners; as to encourage men and make them warlike; to make them soft and effeminate; to make them grave; to make them light; and to make them gentle and inclined to pity.*" (*Syl. Syl.*, § 114).

Shak. "Music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm."
(*Meas.*, IV, 1, 15).

All nations have music to encourage men and make them warlike; and where did you hear anything more simple or more beautiful than our massed military bands playing, "Onward Christian Soldiers" in York Minster, as many of us did during the last great war?

Shak. Such music takes away fear; and "Of all base passions fear is the most accurst." (1*H6*, V, 2—F.F.)

Bacon "*Fear causeth paleness, trembling, the standing of the hair upright, STARTING and scriching.*"
(*Syl. Syl.—Works*, II, p. 567).

Bacon "*Fear and shame are likewise infective; for we see that the STARTING of one will make another ready to START*"
(*Ib.*, p. 653).

Shak. "Tremble and START at wagging of a straw."
(*R3*, III, 5, 7).

Shak. "Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, dishearten his army." (*H5*, IV, 1, 114).

As regards shame:—

Bacon "*When one man is out of countenance in a company, others do likewise BLUSH in his behalf.*"
(*Syl. Syl.*—*Works*, II, p. 567).

A good example of this comes in *Measure for Measure*:—

Bacon "*Let there be, besides penalty, a note of infamy by way of admonishing others, and chastising delinquents, as it were, by putting them to the BLUSH with shame.*"
(*De Aug.*, VIII, III, 40).

Claudio: "Fellow, why doest thou show me thus to the world?"
(*Meas.*, I, 2, 120).

Provost: "I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge."

Claudio has already been censured and condemned to death, so that this exposure to the world on his way to prison is something over and above the penalty, and appears to represent that "*note of infamy by way of admonishing others . . . by putting them to the BLUSH with shame.*"

And when Angelo is exposed to the world for a similar offence, we can almost see his colleague, Escalus, blushing in his behalf, where he says,

"I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly." (*Meas.*, V, 1, 475).

In all these things, which have only been touched upon, most of the quotations from Bacon come from his *History of Henry VII* (1622); his *De Augmentis* of 1623, and his *Sylva Sylvarum* of 1626; and before all these dates the reputed authors of the plays except Bacon were dead, and could not have seen any of them; and yet we see how much greater help Bacon is to the understanding of Shakespeare than Shakespeare is to the understanding of Bacon. Certain it is that all men who have studied Bacon's works can appreciate the plays to a far greater extent than those who have not. In short, Bacon is the best commentator on "Shakespeare."

ST. ALBAN'S AND FRANCIS BACON.

By A. E. Loosley.

WHY is it that so little is said about St. Albans and its association with Francis Bacon? Surely it must be generally agreed that far too little has so far been made of the city by Baconians and Albanians alike. And scant justice has been done to the man who was perhaps the greatest of Albanians and the one who has brought the name of the city more prominently before the public eye than anyone else—Francis Bacon, Chancellor of England, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Alban.

By way of introduction, here are two quotations from an admirable little brochure from the pen of Mr. Y. Gilbert Oakley and issued some years ago by the St. Albans Chamber of Commerce. It is described as "St. Albans, the City Historical, with a message to the World." In his opening sentences its writer says "you cannot afford to overlook this important historical city, that is, if you are really interested in the history of our great country and all it has meant to civilization, for, as it happens, the history of St. Albans is the history of England, indissolubly linked."

The first quotation is as follows :—

> "A.D. 1480. A School master, name unknown, but sometimes called John Insomuch (probably owing to the fact that he started his prefaces with "Insomuch") put up a printing press in the adjoining St. Albans Abbey, then part of the Monastery, and from his press issued "Laurentius de Saona," which was the first book printed at St. Albans. In 1486 this same printer produced a fine work on Hawking and Hunting, generally accounted the writings of one Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, St. Albans. This printer was a contemporary of Caxton, who probably allowed some of the Westminster types to pass into the hands of the St. Albans printer. A book, now to be seen in the British Museum, was discovered in St. Albans Grammar School under peculiar circumstances, and it proved to be the richest find on record of printed fragments in binding; 56 sheets of Caxton's own work came to light, thus proving the evidence of three works quite unknown before."

The second quotation reads:—

> "A.D. 1561. The name of Sir Francis Bacon, son of Sir

Nicholas Bacon, Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, of Gorhambury, St. Albans, adds lustre to St. Albans, for here he lived and worked, and here he lies buried. There have been two great Philosophers, the Greek Aristotle and the Englishman Francis Bacon. As a student of nature, an enthusiast for knowledge, Bacon may be said to have been the most perfect example that the world has yet seen. Sir Francis Bacon was the great statesman in James I's Parliament, 1604. The House chose him as their spokesman at a time when the greatest diffculties confronted the nation, and his tact and unrivalled diplomacy brought matters to a succcssful issue. Soon after Bacon was responsible for the preparation of the work for the Commissioners for the Uniting of the Kingdoms. The "Greatness of Britain" was one of his favourite subjects. In 1613 he became Attorney General. In 1617 he received the seals, and the year after he was made Lord Chancellor. In 1621 he was created Viscount St. Albans. The King called for Bacon's help and advice concerning the reformation of Courts of Justice. He was now compiling standard works on Natural History, works on Law, Metaphysics, Philosophical Jurisprudence, and Technical Law. Bacon is the parent of modern science. He did not discover in the same sense as a Faraday or Newton, but he instituted the principles of a methodical system of reasoning and experiment. Whatever came about after, Bacon was the man who set the scientific world thinking on the right lines. He showed the world the great prospects opening on it, and the world has agreed to date from Bacon the reform of Natural Philosophy."

Historically there are few towns or cities in the country which can compare with St. Albans. Its history is one of its principal glories. Famous people have lived, worked, fought and died at St. Albans. Its record, going back into the far distant days of our earliest English history, is one of which any place may well be proud. In some ways it rivals even the great metropolis of our empire. Ecclesiastically, and also from an educational point of view, St. Albans is one of the outstanding cities of England. Though it only became a Cathedral City in 1877, when Bishop Claughton became its first Diocesan on its separation from Rochester, its ecclesiastical history goes back with its famous old Abbey Church and its Monastery to our ealiest days as a nation. And its School has a record for antiquity which, it is claimed, is beaten by only one Public School in England.

Let us consider first of all the historical claims of St. Albans. Its story goes back to the days long before the city ever existed. After the first invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar in BC..55, the Romans came again the following year and defeated the confederate British forces under Cassivellaunus. The British chieftain had to

flee from his capital, situated in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and eventually to submit to Caesar. The Roman city of Verulamium was built practically on the same site. London, by the bye, is supposed to have been founded in A.D. 49—or more than 100 years later. It was that early Verulam that in A.D. 62 fell victim to the vengeance of Boadicea, who slaughtered 70,000 of its inhabitants, but was in turn defeated by the Roman general Suetonius, who burned both London and Verulam. Those towns were, however, soon rebuilt in the greater magnificence than before. It was upon Verulamium, as the great metropolis of the south, that the Emperor Nero conferred the dignity of "Municipium" or Free City, York being the only other town in England which enjoyed the same honour. The rights of Roman citizenship—a privilege highly prized in those days—could be claimed unquestioned by all born within its walls. They could proudly say with St. Paul "I was free born."

There is a very close connection between Verulam and the present St. Albans. At the height of its glory the former was one of the wonders of Early Britain. Those who have visited the excavations carried out there during recent years will probably agree that it was an exemplary city. In some ways Verulamium reached a standard far in advance of many modern towns. It was one of the wonders of the then Roman world. The great Forum was one of the finest that Rome had built, and the extent of the great lake and the theatre may easily be imagined from the remains which are now on view just outside St.Albans.

It was at Verulam that the persecution of British Christians, begun by the Emperor Diocletian in A.D. 284, came to a head in the martyrdom of the Roman centurian St. Alban in A.D. 303. This was not only an event of national importance, it also led up to the founding of St. Albans, the city as we know it today. But in the meantime, Verulamium, after four centuries of orderly and strong government by the Romans, became a prey to the marauding bands of Saxons and Angles, and was soon nothing more than a heap of smoking ruins.

The founding of St. Albans four centuries later was the outcome of what one may describe as conscientious scruples on the part of Offa, King of the Mercians. Desirous of expiating his sins of murder and evil living, he sought diligently for the bones of St. Alban. Record has it that he was guided by a mysterious light to a spot at Holmhurst where a coffin was unearthed and the remains found, together with relics of the twelve Apostles and martyrs, placed there, so it was claimed, by Germanus 344 years previously. Sanction was given by Pope Adrian for the building of the monastery of St. Albans and the proper care of the relics. And so in the latter part of the eighth century the history of the present city of St. Albans began.

What a wonderful story the city has to tell. It begins naturally with the rise to power of the Monastery, which became one of the greatest, if not acually the most important, in the whole of the country. Its Abbots held almost undisputed sway over huge possessions for centuries, and they undoubtedly did good for their dependants in many ways. Ulsinus, the sixth Abbot, was really responsible for the beginning of St. Albans as a city by inducing the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages and country districts to settle there. He built the three parish churches of St. Peter, the first of the Apostles, St. Stephen, the first of the Martyrs, and St. Michael, the first of the Archangels, at each entrance to the town. Those three churches thus date from about the year 940, and are consequently older than the Abbey itself, unless a supposed Romano-British church is merged in the present structure.

Frederick, the last of the Saxon Abbots, in whose veins ran the blood royal, played an important part in the troublous times of the Norman invasion of 1066. After his victory at Hastings, William crossed the Thames and encamped at Berkhamsted. Here the Saxon nobles came to him to swear fealty, but it was the proud Abbot of St. Albans who found himself strong enough to dictate terms to William. It was before Frederich himself that the Conqueror took an oath, administered by the Abbot, to keep inviolate all the laws of the realm which his predecessors had established.

With Paul de Caen, the first Norman Abbot, came radical changes. The Abbey itself was almost entirely rebuilt, the materials being the huge store of bricks and stones which preceding Abbots had accumulated for the purpose from the ruins of Verulam, and timber which had been collected for many years. The Abbey itself, despite all its grandeur, was but the nucleus of a much larger growth. From Holywell hill to the Silk Mills, from the High Street to the river's banks, a palatial assemblage of turretted and embattled buildings proudly reared their heads and formed a worthy habitation for one of the most influential and powerful monastic communities that England ever witnessed.

The story still goes on. It was at the monastery that Nicholas Breakspeare, born at Abbotts Langley close by, began his career as a humble servitor but eventually rose to be Pope Adrian IV., the only Englishman to wear the triple mitre. He it was who conferred privileges which raised St. Albans to the foremost position among English monasteries. By the bye, is it possible that the name "Breakspeare" suggested anything to Francis Bacon—assuming him to have had something to do with the Shakespearian plays—when looking for a name for their nominal author? Is it generally noticed also that the name of St. Albans appears no less than 33 times in those plays—33 times more than the name of their reputed writer's birthplace? It is affirmed by some historians that the representative assembly which met at St. Albans in 1213 to consider

the affairs of the kingdom may reasonably be reckoned the first English parliament. Then what tales could be told of the two battles of St. Albans in the Wars of the Roses. Fought beneath the shadow of the Abbey walls, the first was won by the "white rose" Yorkists and the second by the "red rose" Lancastrians. A vivid representation of them was given in the St. Albans Pageant which was a notable feature of the early days of the century.

The Peasants revolt at the beginning of King Richard II's reign, with the killing of Wat Tyler on Blackheath, had its repercussions at St. Albans, where the peasants invaded the Abbey itself. Their leader, John Ball, and other leading townsmen eventually paid the penalty of their revolt by being hanged drawn, and quartered. It was to John Ball that is credited the couplet—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Apart from historical records, two great relics of the Monastery remain with us today—the great Abbey Church and the Great Gateway. When the dissolution of the Monasteries took place under King Henry VIII, the Abbey Church was sold to the inhabitants of St. Albans for £400 and became the parish church, taking the place of the church of St. Andrew, which had been destroyed. Such it has been ever since, one of the finest parish churches in the country. Some 60 years ago it became, as already mentioned the Cathedral Church of a new Diocese, and thus opened up a new and auspicious phase in its long and remarkable history. Its Bishops have set a high standard by the way in which they have carried out their great duties. Not least was the part taken by the present Diocesan at the last Coronation ceremony, when he attended our gracious Queen Elizabeth, an honour bestowed possibly in view of the fact that Her Majesty is Hertfordshire born. The Cathedral Church is a wonderful building and a notable landmank for miles round.

Then the old Monastery Gateway is another instance of how relics from past centuries can sometimes be very happily incorporated in present day activities. It was once used as the city gaol, but for many years now it has been the home of St. Albans School. Considerable additions in recent years have made possible remarkable scholastic developments. The school has certainly aimed at and very largely succeeded in being worthy of the traditions of scholastic St. Albans of past days.

An interesting and valuable sidelight on St. Albans School and its possible association with Francis Bacon was thrown by an article which appeared in "Baconiana" of April 1911. It was from the pen of the late Mr. C. H. Ashdown, who was qualified to speak on the subject. He was not only a recognised authority as a master of the school but a local historian of repute. He suggested that the name "Holofernes," the rhetorical school-master in "Love's

Labour's Lost,'' was originated by Bacon from John Thomas Hylocomius the first Post-Reformation headmaster at St. Albans. The date of his assuming the mastership is generally placed in 1588. The school was probably founded by Abbot Ulsinus in the reign of Edred (A.D. 948). A brief break in the continuity occurred at the Reformation, but King Edward VI. reinstated it by special charter in the Lady Chapel of the Abbey Church, and Sir Nicholas Bacon drew up the rules for the governance. If Francis Bacon attended the school he would have come under the tuition of Hylocomius, but in any case the name would be well known to him. The School library still possesses among its treasures a *Demosthenes* and a *Plato* presented by ''Mr. Francis Bacon'' in 1587. If Francis Bacon, writing ''Love's Labour's Lost'' at an early age, introduced a schoolmaster and cast about for a suitable name, that of Hylocomius or Holocomes would be fresh in his mind, and the probability that Holocomes suggested Holofernes may perhaps be admissable.

From its central position in Hertfordshire and its three railway services and 'bus connections St. Albans has, especially in more recent years, made very satisfactory developments in the commercial world. That it is alive to the possibilities of more development is proved by the issue of the brochure from which the writer has quoted. The straw hat trade which it shared with Luton may not be so large now as in former years, but St. Albans now rivals its other near neighbour Watford as one of the most important provincial printing centres. But that is perhaps only natural in view of the city's practical interest in the earliest developments of printing in Caxtonian days. St. Albans has made wonderful strides in the present century, and the City Council are to be congratulated on the achievement. The St. Albans Pageant certainly did much to advertise the city, but the opportunity offered was not followed up as it might have been.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that St. Albans is full of historical and antiquarian interest. But when one takes into account its close connection with Francis Bacon, is not the city deserving of more than a passing interest? Was Bacon even mentioned, for instance, in the Pageant, though he was certainly one of its most notable citizens? It does not seem right that St. Albans should become relegated to comparative obscurity, an interesting relic from past ages, important now perhaps as a Cathedral city and one of the largest towns in Hertfordshire, but little more. Is it the fault of the Bacon Society, with its members drawn from all over the world, including men and women of admittedly high culture and position, or should one look closer at home? Are the citizens of St. Albans generally as proud of its renown, and of one of its greatest sons, as one would expect? World wide attention would be attracted to St. Albans if the Bacon Society

and all interested in the city by residence or love of its charms realized the great opportunity that is offered. If Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, had half or even a quarter of the natural advantages possessed by St. Albans, they would have been boosted and advertised with no uncertain voice. And Stratford would have reaped a correspondingly rich harvest, rich in many ways, richer than it has already received.

St. Albans and its Council have shown themselves keenly alive to opportunities offered in other directions—in its Museums, in its Clarence Park, in its Municipal Golf Courses, in its Markets, in its Public Library. Why cannot it be as keen about Francis Bacon, not only from a literary or historic standpoint, but from a purely financial, mercenary, monetary outlook? Why not? St. Albans has far more of a foundation on which to build than Stratford ever dreamed of or would venture to suggest.

FACTS THAT FIT.

(IV)

By H. Kendra Baker.

THE Play of "Julius Cæsar" is a very interesting one from the fact-fitting standpoint. It is one of certain contemporary Works, one set by a dramatist, the other by a philosopher, both of whom obviously took the keenest interest in, and evinced unbounded admiration of, the great Julius. So enthusiastic was the dramatist about him that not only did he write one of his greatest tragedies in his honour but mentions him in eulogistic terms no less than *thirty-nine* times in his poems and plays.

So enthusiastic, too, was the philosopher about him that, not only did he write a highly appreciative treatise on Cæsar's life, but was a close runner-up of the dramatist in the matter of eulogy by extolling their mutual hero *thirty-four* times in his other writings, thus leaving the dramatist five up! However, he makes up for the deficiency by giving us in his *Apophthegms* an amusing little story which, as we are dealing with a tragedy, may help to lighten the gloom!

"There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar of the hurts he had received in his face. Julius Cæsar, knowing him to be but a coward, told him: 'You had best take heed next time you run away, how you look back.'" (Apop. 41.)

From which it would appear that Julius was not only a hero but a humorist.

Now, this remarkable unanimity of interest in Julius Cæsar is in itself strange, for Julius was at that time by no means as popular a literary character as "Sherlock Holmes" became in later years! But stranger still is it that, so far from the slightest mention of the one by the other, these two great writers might not have existed on the same planet. The most meticulous search has failed to disclose so much as even the vaguest hint of one being known to the other, and this notwithstanding that their ideas, their sentiments, their opinions, even their immense vocabularies were so similar as to be almost identical. Nay, more, even in their *errors* they were not divided, and—strangest of all phenomena—when a change of opinion became necessary, lo and behold, both altered their views at the same time! Here are two great writers—contemporaries and fellow-countrymen—manifesting almost complete identity of thought, living side by side, but never so much as mentioning each other or betraying the slightest knowledge of each other's existence. Moreover, though the Phil-

osopher quotes nearly every great writer in his Works, he never quotes the Dramatist.

One is reminded of a curious parallel in the case of the sometime anonymous author of "The Waverley Novels," who used, as quotations for his chapter headings, passages from every poet but Scott.

And now let us turn to the Play of "Julius Cæsar" for a few illustrations of this remarkable unanimity of interest and thought.

They both agree, for example, as to Envy being the cause of the conspiracy that ended in Cæsar's assassination. In the closing lines of the Play, Mark Anthony, doing his best to whitewash Brutus concerning the ignoble part he had played in the assassination of his friend, says:—

> "All the conspirators, save only he (Brutus)
> Did that they did in *envy* of great Cæsar." (V, v.)

The Philosopher writes:—

> "How to extinguish *envy* he knew excellently well, and thought it an object worth purchasing even at the sacrifice of dignity. . . . He did not put off his mask but so carried himself that he turned the *envy* upon the other party. At last, whether satiated with power or corrupted by flattery, he aspired likewise to the external emblems thereof, the name of King and the Crown, which turned to his destruction." (*The Character of Julius Caesar*.)

This same Philosopher, by the way, wrote an Essay to exemplify the Passion of Envy, just as the Dramatist wrote a Play with the same object. In the Play every point in the Essay is enforced and illustrated. Curious, is it not?

But that is not all. Both these writers seem to have developed an extraordinary interest in quite a recondite subject—Cæsar's reformation of the Roman Calendar.

Says the Philosopher:—"So we receive from him, as a Monument both of his power and learning, the then reformed computation of the year: well expressing that he took it to be as great a glory to himself to observe and know the law of the heavens as to give law to men upon the Earth." (*Advancement of Learning*.)

The Dramatist is so full of it, too, that in the Play (II, 1) he illustrates the popular confusion over the new calendar among the people of Rome, as follows:

The Conspirators are meeting at the house of Brutus before sunrise; Brutus and Cassius are whispering apart.

> "*Decius*. Here lies the East; doth not the day break here?
> *Casca*. No.
> *Cinna*. O! pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
> That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year,
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here." (II, 1.)

It is a strange thing—as pointed out by Edwin Reed, to whom we owe so much—that "not a single editor of the play or commentator on it has, so far as we know, ventured a word to explain the grounds of this disputation among the conspirators, or even to account for its existence."

It is undoubtedly dragged in, so to speak, to illustrate a subject in which the Dramatist was profoundly interested in connection with Julius Cæsar—indeed both he and the Philosopher seem to have regarded it as Cæsar's greatest achievement, as indeed it was. The introduction of a new calendar, by which nearly eighty days had been added to the civil year to make it coincide with the course of the sun, would naturally cause considerable confusion at first.

The calendar, in fact, had got into such a hopeless tangle that Cæsar, with the aid of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, determined to put it right, and to make the 1st January of the Roman year 709 U.C coincide with the 1st January of the Solar year which we call 45 B.C. This took some doing!

Indeed, by the time they had got it into working order, the year 708 had been given no less than 445 days. Dr. Liddell, in his Roman History, says: "It was scoffingly called 'The Year of Confusion', more justly should it be named, as Macrobius observes, 'The last year of Confusion.' "

Thus, although 45 B.C. started off "under entirely new management," it took the Roman citizen some time to get used to it.

Accordingly, we find the conspirators speaking from the points of view of different calendars. This is further exemplified by a passage in Act II, Sc. 1, where Brutus, waking early in the morning of the 15th, or Ides, of March, and not being quite clear what day it was, has the following colloquy (as it is in the original text) with his valet:—

"*Brutus*. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?
Lucius. I know not, Sir.
Brutus. Look at the Calendar and bring me word
. . . . . .
Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days."

It should here be mentioned that in 1733, Lewis Theobald edited the Plays and "unable," as we are told, "to comprehend how Brutus could commit such an error as to mistake the 15th of March for the

first," took upon himself to substitute the word "Ides" for "first," and that is how it stands in our modern editions, and has stood for the past 21 years. He also tampered with Lucius' reply, making him say that March had wasted 14 days instead of 15, because it was very early in the morning of the 15th when Lucius spoke. In this, too, he has been followed by other editors, though, as Reed says, "they could hardly have all been ignorant that the law recognises no *parts* of days. The Author was a lawyer."

That is a specimen of how the original text has been mangled and emasculated by well-meaning but unimaginative Editors.

Of course "the tradition" has a great deal to do with it, but space does not admit of the development of the argument. Suffice it to say that a certain section of the orthodox find it necessary to discover what they call "blunders" in the Plays in order to reconcile the lack of education and culture admittedly possessed by their hero with the authorship of the Works attributed to him. But for this, they might someday awake to the melancholy truth that, like Titania, they had been fondling an ass!

For example, the author must have been quite an ignorant person for introducing a striking clock into "Julius Cæsar!" Have these people ever heard, one wonders, of dramatic license? A certain hour had to be denoted. What would an Elizabethan or Jacobean audience —or any audience for that matter—have made of a Roman Water Clock dumped on the stage? It would have been about as informative as a modern Wireless Receiving Set!

But we have rather strayed from our subject: let us return to the Question before the House, which is, What could have caused the Dramatist *and* the Philosopher suddenly and simultaneously to develop such an interest in the Julian calendar?

Well, although the fact never seems to have been alluded to in this connection, it so happens that Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, had a brain wave. He suddenly realised that the Julian Calendar needed overhauling. It had, he found, got a bit rusty and was working slow. By 1582 it was about ten days behind true time, having been losing eleven minutes a year since Julius and Sosigenes had had it under repair. So Gregory administered a little "powder," and by discarding 10 days, and adding 1 in February (to be omitted 3 times in 400 years) he amended the Julian Calendar and gave us the Gregorian, which is working admirably to this day.

Protestant England, however, would not accept this "Popish" reform, and it was not until 1752 that it was adopted, when eleven days were dropped between the 2nd and the 14th of September, and, although an infuriated mob paraded London, crying "Give us back our eleven days"—they did not get them!

Now, this Gregorian reform of the calendar would naturally have aroused at the time a good deal of interest among scholars and philosophers throughout the world. I use the words "scholars and

philosophers'' advisedly, for if the ''Dramatist'' to whom we have referred were in fact the ''traditional'' one, then, in 1582, he would still have been tending his father's swine—or whatever else he did—at Stratford, from the wilds of which, as we have already learnt from his biographer, Halliwell-Phillips, he emerged in 1586 ''all but destitute of polished accomplishments.''

Under these circumstances it is unlikely—to say the least—that he knew as much about the Julian Calendar and its Gregorian reform as a pygmy of Central Africa knows about Platonic Philosophy!

Indeed it is perhaps time to drop this fiction of a dual personality in the dramatist and the philosopher and to face the fact of their ''unity of person'' in the man who was described by Macaulay as gifted with ''the most exquisitely constructed intellect ever bestowed on any of the children of men,'' Francis Bacon, to wit.

To do anything else would be just ''roamin' in the gloamin' '' of the miraculous rather than accepting the clear daylight of the normal and the natural.

The Play is admittedly based on ''Plutarch's Lives.'' North's English translation of this was first printed in 1579—the date of Bacon's return from France, fired with literary inspiration derived from Ronsard and the ''Pleiade''—and although, of course, he could have read Plutarch in the original, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he availed himself of North's famous translation. Indeed, it is almost certain that he did so, seeing that a certain legal term employed by North, but not strictly applicable to the circumstances, is reproduced in Mark Anthony's oration over Cæsar as being more intelligible to his hearers.

No one really knows when the Play (as we have it) was actually written or was first acted. Sidney Lee, the ''doubtless'' one, says it was produced in 1601, but that is mere inference based on an *alleged* allusion to it in Weever's ''Mirror of Martyrs'' (1601), which, however, it has since been shewn, is equally applicable to Appian's ''Roman History,'' published in 1578, and has thus no evidential value as regards the Play. It is an interesting and significant fact that, apparently, the first known drama on this subject was a French tragedy called ''The Death of Cæsar,'' by I. Guerin, acted in Paris in 1578, *when Francis Bacon was there*. Another interesting fact is that (according to Morton Luce's, ''Handbook on Shakespeare's Works,'' 1907) ''a latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was acted in 1582,'' but he does not say where it was produced, or on what occasion. Presumably it would have been at one of the Universities or Inns of Court, in which case we may perhaps make a shrewd guess at the authorship without troubling the gifted William—at that date still in the wilds of Stratford—to prove an *alibi*!

Space does not admit of our dealing with a certain Play said to have been acted in 1589 and 1594, or one mentioned in Henslow's *Diary* under the delightfully phonetic description of ''Seser's Falle.''

Suffice it to say there is not the faintest mention in that Diary (which is not a popular subject with the orthodox) of a "William Shakespeare" of any sort or kind. These rather crude productions may, as C. G. Bompas suggests, have been the first early sketch of the Play that was subsequently perfected.

What *is* definitely known is that it was not printed and published until it appeared in the First Folio of 1623, together with 19 other plays which had never been printed before, six of which (including "Julius Cæsar") had, as Sir George Greenwood asserts, "never even been heard of before."

Now, this in itself is a curious fact, for even had the "gifted William" been capable of writing these plays (which in the circumstances we can but regard as absurd) he is said to have "winged his roving flight" for "gain not glory," and where would have been the "gain" in leaving the publication of these literary masterpieces until seven years after his death—without, by the way, so much as a book or MS. in his possession?

Conceive, if you can, such a thing of any living author or dramatist, or for that matter any author or dramatist that was ever heard of.

And this circumstance also nips in the bud the argument that Bacon may have copied from William, or William from Bacon, for the play of "Julius Cæsar" was first published in 1623 (seven years after William's death) and the Essay on Envy, of which the Play is almost a dramatic commentary, in 1625. So here again we approach the miraculous if William had had anything to do with it.

Here are a few more parallel passages:—

Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning* writes:—

> "In the third place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken at the due time, are seldom recovered."

In the Play we have:—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of man
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And we must take the current when it serves or lose our ventures." (IV, 3.)

Of Julius Cæsar, Bacon writes:—

(a) "The most excellent spirit, his ambition reserved, of the world." (Char. of J.C.)

(b) "A man of great and noble soul." (*Ibid.*)

The Dramatist concurs:—

(a) "The foremost man of all the world." (IV, 3.)

(b) "The noblest man that ever lived." (III, 1.)

Again, Bacon:—

> "He (Julius Cæsar) referred all things to himself, and was the truest centre of his own actions." (*Char.*)

In the Play we find the same idea reproduced.

"I am as constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood and apprehensive.
But in the number I do know but one
That, unassailable, holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion." (III, 1.)

Cæsar's assassination is described by both writers in almost identical language:—

"They came about him as a stag at bay."—*Bacon*.*
"Here wast thou bayed, brave hart."—*Shakespeare*.

Could unanimity of expression go further than that?

Bacon, too, in his *Advancement of Learning*, writes:—

"Cato the Censor said that the Romans were like sheep."

The Dramatist is of entirely the same opinion:—

"I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep." (I, 3.)

Writing of the human eye, Bacon says:—

"The comparison of a wise man to a glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image, *which the eye itself without a glass cannot do*." (*De Augmentis*, 1623.)

In the Play we have:—

"*The eye sees not itself*
But by reflection—*by some other thing*.

. . . . . .

Since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you do not know." (I, 2.)

That such unanimity of thought should be displaed by the Dramatist and the Philosopher is sufficiently remarkable in itself, but what seems to leave our "intellectually destitute" friend at the post (so to speak) is the fact that the original of both these passages is found in Plato (not then translated into English) and is as follows:—

"You may take the analogy of the eye; *the eye sees not itself, but from some other thing*, as, for instance, from a glass; it can also see itself by reflection in another eye." (First Alcibiades.)

*Speech *In Praise of Fortitude* written by Bacon in 1592, and discovered at Northumberland House, Strand, in 1867. It was not published in Shakspere's lifetime.

Parallelisms of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely if space permitted, and, though of themselves those above adduced may not be impressive, when it is remembered that they abound in hundreds throughout the Shakespearean drama (no less than 1,191 have been traced) it must surely shake the traditional belief in a duality of authorship.

Edwin Reed well expresses the effect of such passages on the unprejudiced mind when he writes:—"The argument from parallelisms in general may be stated thus: one parallelism has no significance: five parallelisms attract attention: ten suggest enquiry: twenty raise a presumption: fifty establish a probability: a hundred dissolve every doubt."

It will be observed that he does not mention what happens when you have assimilated 1,191: probably only a Truster of the Stratford "birthplace" would need to get as far!

Before leaving the subject of parallelisms to the consideration of "unprejudiced minds" on the one hand and "Birthplace-Trustees" on the other, there is one passage in the Play which should be quoted, for it has brought solace to many who (even despite rationing) still display a regrettable tendency to *en bon point*!

Cæsar says:—

> "Let me have men about me that are fat,
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
> Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

Now, whatever may have been the view of the "gifted William" on this subject—if indeed he had any at all, which is unlikely—we do know that Bacon entertained very definite opinions on the relation of the "lineaments of the body" to "the dispositions of the mind."

Writing of Physiognomy he says:—

> "For the lineaments of the body disclose the dispositions and inclinations of the mind in general; but the motions and gestures of the countenance and parts do not only so, but disclose likewise the seasons of access, and the present humour and state of the mind and will." (*De Aug.*, IV, 1.)

He devotes a good deal of space in his two great Works to this subject of "the sympathy of the mind with the state and dispositions of the body," which he asserts had been greatly neglected.

And see his Catalogue of Particular Histories requiring elucidation, such as "History of different habits of Body—Fat; Lean; of the Complexions (as they call them), etc."

And again, in the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, he writes:—"Princes being full of thoughts and prone to suspicions, do not easily admit to familiar intercourse men that are perspicacious and curious ***whose minds are always on the watch, and never sleep.***"

Well, here is Cassius who "thinks too much," who does not "sleep o' nights," is envious and suspicious, and as such is "dangerous."

Surely all this must strike the unprejudiced mind as strange philosophy for an "unlettered rustic." But, stranger still is his interest in Epilepsy, "caused by the foul breath of the multitude." Had the dramatist been our Stratford friend, one would have thought that, after living with a muck-heap at his Father's front door, he would not be particularly sensitive to foul odours and their effects! But, as Sidney Lee would have said, "*doubtless* he was prone to falling-sickness from this cause."

See what the Dramatist says in the Play:—

"*Casca*. The rabblement hooted and clapped their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the Crown, that it almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market place, and foamed at the mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness."

In modern editions, thanks to "improvements" by eighteenth century editors, the last line is given as:—

"'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness,"

thus converting a conjecture into a statement of fact, for which there is no warrant.

"No historical authority exists," says Edwin Reed, "for this remarkable scene in the market place, the connection between foul breath . . . . and an attack of epilepsy being wholly due to a private theory of the dramatist."

But, by a curious conicidence—pure coincidence, of course!—Bacon held precisely the same strange notion regarding epilepsy. Writing of this (*Nat. Hist.* X.) he attributes it to "gross vapours-rising and entering the brain." Thus the dramatist and the Philosopher are in complete agreement.

Compare, too, the passage in the Play with the following by Bacon:—

> "If such foul smells be made by art and by the hand, they consist chiefly of man's flesh or sweat putrified; for they are not those stinks which the nostrils straight abhor and expel that are most pernicious; but such airs as have some similitude with man's body."

And again,

> "These empoisonments of air are the more dangerous in meetings of people, because the breath of people doth further the infection. Therefore when any such thing is feared, it were good those public places were perfumed before the assemblies."

We are not here concerned with the accuracy of his views, but merely with the extraordinary unanimity of opinion held by both writers on an entirely novel theory. It is hardly surprising that orthodox commentators and critics are reticent on the subject; such phenomena take a lot of explaining.

But when we find, as we do, that large numbers of expressions and ideas in the Plays are mere reproductions of novel and original entries in Bacon's private Notebook, the *Promus*, which was unknown and inaccessible to the public for no less than 277 years from the last dated entry in the book, one wonders how much longer this duality fantasy will persist.

The evidence furnished by the *Promus* should shake the tradition of dual authorship to its foundations, even though the claim to authorship of the Plays were made on behalf of one of known intellectual attainments; but when it is made on behalf of one whose whole known record utterly belies the possession of any education or culture whatsoever, it becomes ludicrous.

Moreover, as has been so ably demonstrated by Edwin Reed, the most fatal evidence against the "Stratford Rustic" lies in the fact that within less than one year after the *Promus* was started (as shewn by the date) "very nearly threequarters of all the entries made in it, or (to speak more exactly) 1,229 out of 1,653, were written." That is to say, the *Promus* was nearly *completed* before the Shakespeare Plays, with two exceptions, came from the press. The exceptions were "King John (1591) and the Second Part of "King Henry VI" (1594), from neither of which is drawn, however, a single parallel passage collected by Edwin Reed. The earliest printed play in which any of such passages have been found bears date 1597.

Now, what follows from these facts? Well, just this; that the Plays were not made use of for the memorandum book, but the book for the Plays.

But the book was Bacon's private property—as we have already shown—and was not printed until 1883.

"These parallelisms are, therefore," as Edwin Reed observes, "either the independent product of two minds (which is practically impossible) or the common product of one, and that one, necessarily, Bacon's."

Instead of abusing Baconians for their "ignorance," the traditionalists would, it seems, do better to "think-up" some explanation of this extremely damaging, indeed insurmountable, objection to their fantastic tradition.

Tennyson may allude to Baconians as the sort of people "who would pluck the laurels from the brow of the dead Christ" (which, by the way, seems an accusation as blasphemous as it is unwarrantable), but let him—or his like—account for facts such as we have disclosed.

Did he, for instance, realise that his hero *never claimed the authorship of the plays*, and made no attempt to restrain their unauthorised publication by others? The "laurels" were never assumed by *him*—let us give him that credit—but were gratuitously placed on his unintellectual brow by others who have distorted the facts to fit the tattered tradition.

Let us be clear as to that, and then Baconians can safely ignore all such unwarrantable, not to say hysterical, aspersions on the genuineness of their motives: *Magna est Veritas et pracvalebit*.

THE MAGIC WORD "GENIUS."

By R. L. Eagle.

IT frequently happens that when the defenders of the Stratford myth find themselves perplexed for lack of argument, they utter the magic word "Genius," as if that were the "Open Sesame" to unlock the door of doubt and difficulty, behind which is supposed to lie all the wealth and beauty of Shakespeare's mind.

Nobody denies that whoever wrote the Plays and Poems was a genius, but this fact does not assist us in reconciling the life-story of Shakspere of Stratford with the "Shakespeare" of the Works. Before considering the alleged potency of this charm or "password", let us examine how the necessity for it arises.

We do not know whether Shakspere went to school, though it is probable, since it is difficult to understand how he could have served the playhouse without the ability, in some measure, to read and write. But we should naturally have expected that the unusual gifts for learning, the power of observation, and the astonishing memory of a youth destined to be the miracle of the age and eternity, would have caused such a sensation in the little school, and the village of some 1800 inhabitants, that the master, pupils, the vicar, and other townsmen would have recorded the phenomenon either in writing or gossip. The complete silence is more than significant. It is very powerful evidence that if Shakspere attended the school he did not become the poet and dramatist. Some recent "biographers" have rejected the idea of attendance at the school, and favour an assumption that he became a Page in the house of Sir Henry Goodere at Polesworth in the northern extremity of the country, and where Drayton, who was born and lived nearby, was nurtured and encouraged. As, in that event, the two young poets would have had a common tie, we should have expected some record of friendship, or at least personal acquaintance during their lives. There is no evidence of this. Drayton acknowledged his indebtedness to Sir Henry and the Goodere family. Shakspere has nothing to say about the Gooderes, neither did Sir Henry ever claim to have sheltered and educated him. It is, indeed, most unlikely that the Shaksperes had ever heard of the Gooderes. Polesworth is over 30 miles from Stratford —a very considerable distance in those times when communication between villages were almost non-existant, or by rough tracks quite impassable during wet and wintry weather.

Assuming that William did attend the school, what opportunities would he have received to have qualified him for that scholarship and wealth of vocabulary which we find displayed even in such early writings as *Venus and Adonis* and *Love's Labour's Lost*?

There was only one schoolmaster, and no division into classes. No books were available for the use of pupils. In the charge of the master was Lilly's Latin Grammar. There was no English Grammar printed until 1586, when Shakspere would have been twenty-two.

Lilly's Latin Grammar was compulsory by the Queen's Ordinances of 1559 and 1571. The rest of the books in the master's charge would consist of such as Cooper's *Thesaurus* (1552), which was a Latin dictionary; the Psalter, the English Catechism. This would not account for the poet's early familiarity with Latin, French and Italian Literature, Continental geography and local-colour; nor for his wise and practical philosophy; nor for that gorgeous display of the possibilities of a new English language which he did much to create and the like of which has never been excelled.

Of Stratford's 1800 inhabitants, about 1300 would have been minors, judging by the size of the family which was crowded into John Shakspere's cottage. As only 25 could have been accommodated in the one school-room, it is no cause for wonder that only a very small proportion of the townsmen could read or write. Of nineteen members of the Stratford Corporation in 1564, consisting of twelve aldermen and nine burgesses, only seven could sign their names, and among the twelve who "made their marks" is found John Shakspere, the father of William. Naturally, these men were chosen from the more affluent townsmen, and the proportion of illiterate persons would be much less than among the ordinary inhabitants. It is rather curious that of these twelve "marksmen" five bore the name of "Jhon" (*sic*) and all these "Jhons" are evidently written by the same hand, doubtless that of the scrivener.

The Stratfordians, therefore, being in such a predicament, try to save themselves from sinking in this "sea of troubles" by grasping at such a straw as "genius." But, in fact, that does not get us any nearer to the mystery surrounding the identity of an author, painter or composer, who either conceals his name or uses a pseudonym. We must look for clues such as style, the use of unusual words, the opinions, prejudices, the knowledge displayed relating to particular subjects (especially those which proclaim the society in which he moved, and the places and countries of which he shows first-hand knowledge and affection). It is upon these lines that Baconian investigations have been conducted.

A somewhat similar idea is employed by experts in old masters. I was present at a sale of the contents of the mansion in Nonsuch Park, Cheam, in March 1937, when a begrimed and somewhat torn canvas, which had been relegated to an attic, was included in the catalogue as nothing of importance, and described as:

"Portrait of a man in Black Coat with white ruffle.
Unknown."

The experts, having on the previous day observed the *genius* of the artist, closely examined it with powerful glasses in a strong light. They identified the brush-marks as those of Frans Hals, and it fetched 12,100 guineas. The work was unsigned, yet such was the confidence of the experts in the circumstantial evidence that it was valued as highly as if Hals had put his name to it.

The evidence brought to light by the Baconians is much more than mere brush-marks. It is derived and accumulated from many sources and aspects. We do not dispute the fact that the man who wrote *Hamlet*, and the rest, was a genius. But genius alone could not have done all this. The genius of Shakespeare was genius in conjunction with wide reading, and the highest culture that the age could afford. No man ever became learned out of his own consciousness. Knowledge comes neither by inspiration nor accident. It will not, as Macaulay says, "furnish the poet with a vocabulary. Information and experience are necessary." Hogarth, the painter and engraver, defines genius as "nothing but labour and diligence." Pliny the younger, declared "Genius useless without opportunity." Samuel Johnson defined it as "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." Edison said that it is "one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration." Bacon said that a man is the maker of his own genius.

Perhaps the best definition was that of the late Sir George Greenwood that "Genius is a gift of Nature, but nature alone never yet gave knowledge and culture. The diamond is a natural product, but however fine its quality, it will not sparkle like the Koh-i-nur unless it be subjected to the process of cutting and polishing at the hands of a skilled artificer." Genius takes colour from its environment. That of "Shakespeare" is nothing like what might flow from one limited, directed and regulated by the up-bringing, education (if any), and the life of "the Stratford rustic."

We may ransack history where we will, from the dawn of civilisation to the present time, in the vain search for a parallel, but no parallel can be found.

A RIDDLE AND ITS ANSWER.

In Act V, Sc. I, of *Love's Labour's Lost* there occurs an ingenious riddle and many attempts to explain it have been made. None of them, in my opinion, convincing. It relates to the A B C, but at the same time it plays upon three different interpretations of the word "horn." They are the horn-book, or A B C; the cuckold's horns, and a Latin abbreviation written as a horn-shaped figure like a reversed C.

In the First Folio the riddle is set out in this manner:

Brag. Monsieur, are you not lettered?
Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke:
What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?
Peda. Ba, *puericia*, with a horne added.
Page. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne; you heare his learning.
Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

According to *The Record Interpreter, a Collection of Latin Words and Names used in English Historical Manuscripts and Records*, compiled by Charles Trice Martin, B.A., F.S.A., and published by Reeves and Turner, London, 1892, there is a figure ↄ which was used for *cum*, *con*, *com* or *cog*. A long list of Latin words beginning with the prefix "con" is given on pages 26-29 with the sign ↄ in place of the prefix. The word "contra" is further abbreviated to ↄª. Mr. Martin, who was assistant keeper of the Public Records, explains the abbreviation in his Preface, page VI. "Ba, with a horn added" is Baↄ or Bacon.

Having given the first two letters of his name, in such a manner as to call attention to them, it is natural that, if Bacon were the author, he would complete his name in such a way that only a very small minority would be likely to detect it.

Lindsay's *Notae Latinae*, pp. XIII, 28-34, also explains the use of the C *conversum* as a symbol found especially in legal documents for "con." It was in use up to, during, and for some time after Elizabethan and Jacobean times.

Further confirmation is provided by *Lexicon Diplomaticon*, published in 1756. This book has engraved plates containing 469 columns forming a complete dictionary of all abbreviations with examples of manuscript writings from the seventh century onwards. This large folio volume is still considered an authority on the subject.

ARTHUR MEE ON FRANCIS BACON.

IN January *Baconiana*, I quoted from Arthur Mee's *Warwickshire*, exposing his ignorance as to the facts relating to the life of "the Stratford rustic," and the manner in which he had been bamboozled or hypnotised by the "relics" which he was shown at Stratford.

Turning to this gentleman's companion book on *Hertfordshire*, I was not in the least surprised that he was equally misinformed about Francis Bacon. His references to Bacon occupy less than three pages, and it would be difficult to find anywhere so much malice, and so many untruths, packed into so few words. The section is headed by Pope's misunderstood line, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." We might remind Mr. Mee that the word "mean" can be interpreted in several ways. It might be applied to his own remarks about Bacon, or it can denote "*humble*."* When Bacon said, "I have in a despised weed procured the good of all men," he could have used "mean" instead of despised."

"Essex," says Mr. Mee, "vainly begged the queen to help him (Bacon), and finally gave him a Twickenham estate." Concerning the "trial" of Essex for treason, "It was nothing to him that Essex had been his friend. The blustering Coke, who led the prosecution, so bungled the case that Essex might have escaped had not Bacon, by magnifying the enormity of his patron's offence, made the death penalty inevitable."

Essex did not "beg" of the queen. He ruined Bacon's prospect of the solicitorship by the manner in which he demanded it. Francis and Anthony had worked for Essex for years without salary, and heavy expenses had been incurred during the period of Anthony's employment as secretary.

Bacon had no alternative except arrest and the tower. The part he was ordered to take in the prosecution was a small one, and he was quite right in not suffering his friendship for Essex to blind his eyes to the public safety, or to his own supreme, though painful, sense of duty. He had done everything possible to restrain the folly of Essex who, in spite of the warnings and advice of a wise friend, had turned traitor to queen and country by openly incited rebellion, with the foolish idea of seizing the queen's person. He certainly did not "magnify the enormity of his patron's offence." There was

*In his article on Pope and Bacon (*Baconiana*, January 1937), Mr. Kendra Baker left no doubt that Pope was using the word "meanest" in this sense. He frequently did so, and applied it to himself and to Dryden, whom he greatly admired. Pope's admiration for Bacon was such that it is absurd to put any other interpretation on "meanest" in Pope's *Essay on Man* in reference to Bacon.

no such thing as a "trial" as we understand it. Essex was condemned before the opening of the hearing, and neither Bacon nor anyone else, except the queen, could save him from the block. Twickenham Park was given to Bacon for services rendered. It was used for literary and diplomatic writing and copying, and the staff of "good pens" employed by Bacon was at the disposal of Essex.

The source of Mr. Mee's "information" is obviously the inaccurate and malicious essay of Macaulay. The readers of this book on *Hertfordshire* are told that "Bacon would witness unmoved the torture of a prisoner." There is only one occasion when it is known that Bacon was present in his official capacity at one of these brutalities customary and typical of that barbarous age. As Mr. Mee puts it, one would imagine, and is intended to do so, that Bacon was regularly present at the racking of prisoners. On what grounds does Mr. Mee state that Bacon was unmoved? In what way is he gifted to know what Bacon's inner feelings were in performing the duty; and why single out Bacon among all the government officials who had attended these proceedings?

Bacon did not approve of torture, nor was he in any way responsible for the treatment of Peacham in the Tower.

Still following in the footsteps of the unreliable and vicious Macaulay, he relates how Bacon was guilty of accepting bribes, and that he even "decided against the givers." Bacon did not receive any bribes. He said, moreover, "The law of Nature teaches me to speak in my own defence. With respect to this charge of bribery I am as innocent as any man born on St. Innocent's day. I never had a bribe or reward in my eye or thought when pronouncing judgment or order." The bribing suiters would not scruple to come forward against him. They were afraid or ashamed to show themselves. Bacon's officials, unknown to him, had persuaded a poor suitor named Aubrey that a present of £100 would set matters right with the Lord Chancellor. The money did not reach Bacon, and he was shocked, ashamed and crushed to learn what had been taking place in his own Court. False accusations were brought against him by unscrupulous and remorsless enemies, seeking his overthrow in order to shield themselves. Well might he shrink from attempting a defence. Although he was himself free from avarice or corruption of heart he was overwhelmed with grief at the exposure of corruption in his Court. The evidence against him could not be sustained and he was, therefore, immediately released from the Tower, and from the enforcement of the fines. Society, led by the king and Buckingham was corrupt to the core, and a scapegoat had to be found. Bacon knew he was the sacrifice. He had cleared away some of the abuses he encountered on taking over his high office; the arrears of cases waiting to be decided had been disposed of and not one of his judgments had been reversed or challenged. This speedy and impartial justice had aroused concern and enmity among those who thrived on the

abuses of the times. His friends knew he was innocent. Mr. Mee, who sets out to besmirch the character of Bacon, ignores the testimony of such as Sir Tobie Matthew, Dr. Rawley, Francis Osborn, Ben Jonson and others. He ingores the confession of Bacon's sealbearer, Thomas Bushel, made in a letter to Mr. John Eliot, published in "The First Part of Youth's Errors" (1668). Probably his studies have not taken him so far. Bushel, who entered Bacon's service at 15, admitted some years after Bacon's death that he, and other servants, took and kept those "presents" from suitors. The remorse which Bushel felt is expressed by him in that letter:

> "I must ingeniously confess myself and others of his servants were the occasion of exhaling his virtues into a dark eclipse, which God knows, could long have endured both for the honour of his King, and good of the commonalitie, had not we whom his bounty nursed, laid on his guiltless shoulders our base and execrable deeds to be scanned and censured by the whole Senate of a State where no sooner sentence was given, but most of us forsook him . . . As for myself with shame I must acquit the title, and plead guilty which grieves my very soule that so matchless a peer should be lost by such insinuating caterpillars, who in his own nature scorned the least thought of any base, unworthy, or ignoble act, though subject to infirmities as ordained to the wisest, for so much I must asure you, was his hatred to bribery and corruption, or symonie."

Bushel goes on to say how he afterwards confessed to his Lordship, and tells how, after Bacon had recovered from the shock, "upon my submission the nobleness of his disposition forgave me the fact and received me into favour."

That is the real story of the "bribes" which Mr. Mee falsely states Bacon took. Mr. Mee must withdraw this, and also the untruth that Bacon was "avaricious." Had he consulted Hepworth Dixon's *Story of Bacon's Life* (1862) he would have been better informed. He will learn that no more generous man ever lived. His household accounts show how lavish he was with his gifts. His servants had free access to his money-chests, and helped themselves. He was contemptuous of money which, he said, "is like muck, no good except it be spread." He was the prototype of Timon of Athens—a play of which nothing is heard until five years after Bacon's fall. In pleasant contrast to Mr. Mee we have the testimony of his contemporaries:

> A memorable example to all of virtue, kindness, peaceableness and patience. *Peter Boener* (*his Apothecary*).
> A friend unalterable to his friends. *Sir Tobie Matthew*.
> It is not his greatness that I admire, but his virtue. *Ibid*.
> One of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many Ages. *Ben Jonson*.

PROSPERO.

NOTES

A new and enlarged edition of Mr. R. L. Eagle's book, "Shakespeare: New Views for Old," will be published shortly by Messrs. Rider & Co., London. It will contain several new chapters and numerous illustrations. The price is to be 10s. 6d.

The book is intended to show the frailty of the Stratford position and how the application of Baconian logic makes sense and order out of the chaos created and bequeathed by orthodox commentators. It is a challenge to the Professors. Every copy sold will benefit The Bacon Society not only financially but, we hope, in the introduction of new members. The book contains a full page notice as to the objects and activities of the Society.

Readers of "Baconiana" can help their cause by supplying a copy of the book to a public Library, and by ordering the book from any subscription library to which they may belong.

"THE SPHERE" of December 12th, included a surprisingly fair discussion on some of the points at issue in what the contributor (who writes regularly under the initials "J.G.") calls "the great Shakespeare controversy." He says:.

> "People who dismiss the Baconians as cranks are very superficial. The leading protagonists who head the attack on Shakespeare (*sic*) of Stratford are extremely convincing, clear and forceful in argument, and often admirable in style and restraint."

However, he confesses himself "a Stratfordian last-ditcher," and comforts himself by the thought that "It is an article of British law that in a case of ejectment the man in possession is in a stronger position than the man who claims possession and seeks to oust him." The article proceeds to show "J.G." entrenched in his "last ditch," wrapped up in some of the threadbare vestments of the Stratford cult. He begins with "Greene's libel" as proving W.S. to have been "an established London playwright in the 1590's." It proves nothing of the kind, nor even that the allusion to "Shake-scene" in *A Groatsworth of Wit* (1592) has any reference to him at all. Professor Churton Collins admitted this. The combination of "Shake" with another monosyllable occurs frequently in the slang of the time. Kempe, the clown and morris-dancer, was lampooned as "Shake-rags."

"Shake-bag" is a ruffianly character in the anonymous play, *Arden of Faversham* (his companion in crime is, curiously enough, named "Black Will!"), and "Shake-scene" might be applied to any heavy-footed, ranting actor.

His next point is valueless because it is a mere invention. "Southampton acknowledged him in a personal letter. James I. acknowledged him likewise, and the poet, Spencer, accorded him contemporary praise." There is no letter written by Southampton or King James mentioning him, while Spenser's allusion to a poet, whom he calls Aetion, in *The Tears of the Muses*, cannot be considered as a reference to the Stratford man who was quite unknown in 1591. It may well be an allusion to "Shake-speare," but that is quite another matter. It might refer to Drayton whose name Michael certainly does "heroically sound," for the Archangel of that name contended with the devil (*Epistle of Jude*, 9) while when "there was war in heaven, Michael and his angels fought against the dragon." (*Revelations* XII, 7).

"J.G." takes consolation in "the evidence of the will in identifying the Statford W.S. with the London favourite. . . . for therein are named as recipients of small legacies for mourning rings, two fellow actors who supplied the MSS which formed the basis of the 1st Folio." Well, as doubtless "J.G." knows, alleged Shakespearean documents were forged, faked and "doctored" on a big scale during the 18th century, and it has recently been proved beyond any doubt that the will did not escape attention. The mention of Heminge and Condell in the will appears in an interlineation, unsigned and even uninitialled by the testator. This interlineation is in a different ink and script. The subject was discussed in "Baconiana," October 1942. If "J.G." will study it, we are sure he will agree that the will must be dismissed as a complete forgery. We would further remind him that Heminge and Condell were quite incapable of writing the exemplary and scholarly Jonsonian addresses which bear their names, and that the 1st Folio was not from the original MSS, but from copies and revised quartos.

We now come to what "J.G." calls "the evidence of the tombstone." This is, however, anything but helpful to "the man in possession." The original monument shown in Dugdale's *Warwickshire* and Rowe's Shakespeare, published in 1656 and 1709 respectively, represents a prosperous tradesman grasping a bag of produce, and the bust is of a totally different person. Who erected it, and at whose expense, we do not know. We only know it was altered to its present appearance in the middle of the 18th century. Evidently "J.G." has read little on the subject, so we refer him to the late Sir George Greenwood's *The Stratford Bust and the Droeshout Engraving* (1925).

The final "clincher" of this chivalrous, but poorly equipped defender of the Stratford faith, is that "a supreme genius is *capable de tout*"! To this nonsense he adds still more by writing, "even though he enters the arena of career without the rudiments of primary

education!'' Just think of it! The author of *Venus and Adonis* merely a Warwickshire ignoramus!! Remarks like those, coming from a writer in a highly-esteemed periodical, make it difficult to believe one's eyes. It is preposterous enough to suggest that such education as would have been provided at the Stratford School would have qualified even a genius for the composition of, say, *Love's Labour's Lost*. Here he would have received ''the rudiments of primary education.'' But to deny him whom you claim to be the author of plays and poems even a minimum of culture, when he must have been the equal of Bacon in the comprehension of all things, outstrips all the bounds of reason, truth and possibility. It is not so much a belief in a wrongful estimate of the powers of genius, as in a miracle.

Spedding (*Life and Works of Bacon*, Vol I, p.519) has a note concerning a letter said to have been written by Lord Southampton to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere in 1608, in which Southampton is alleged to have written of ''his especial friend, and the writer of some of the best English plays,'' who ''hath to name, William Shakespeare.'' This has a distinct odour of forgery and is probably the manufacture of J. Payne Collier who had access to the Egerton (Ellesmere) manuscripts at Bridgewater House. He not only ''doctored'' some of the Papers, but inserted complete forgeries. There is no such letters in the Egerton Papers, published by the Camden Society in 1840. Sir Sidney Lee does not mention it, nor does any other biographer whom I have consulted. In spite of his great learning Spedding allowed himself to be misled with surprising ease in matters relating to Shakespeare. This letter is probably as mythical as that which, according to a tradition of some fifty years ago, was said to have existed at Wilton House. The Countess of Pembroke was alleged to have written to her son, the Earl of Pembroke, while he was in attendance on King James at Salisbury, suggesting that he should bring the king to Wilton to witness a performance of *As you Like It*. The Countess is also said to have added, ''We have the man Shakespeare with us.'' There is no evidence that such a letter ever existed, or that the play was performed there.

We are often asked why, if Bacon wrote the Plays, he should have concealed his identity under a pseudonym. There are several reasons—social, political and religious. Few people appreciate the extent to which anything to do with the public stage was despised by the authorities. Sir Thomas Bodley would not have a play in his famous library. Perhaps the principle reason, apart from the damage which would have been done to Bacon's legal and political prospects by putting his name to plays, is that expressed by the Rev. George Dawson:

> ''There is heresy enough in Shakespeare to have carried him to endless stakes; political liberty enough to have made him

a glorious Jacobin. If he had appeared as a Divine the authorities would have burned him; as a politician they would have beheaded him."

The Dean of Ely, in the Shakespeare sermon of 1897, spoke to the same effect:

> "There were some things in Shakespeare that the author might have burnt for had he been a theologian, just as certainly as there were things about politics, about civil liberty, which, had he been a politician or a statesman, would have brought him to the block."

It is with great regret that we record the death at Weston-super-Mare on January 4th, of that exceedingly shrewd and erudite Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Morton Luce, at the ripe age of 93. Formerly lecturer at Bristol University, he devoted himself to literature—particularly the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. His editions of *The Tempest* and *Twelfth Night* in the Arden series reached a very high standard in commentary, for he had a good knowledge of Bacon's writings and frequently explained Shakespeare by quoting Bacon. His *Handbook to Shakespeare* (1907) was masterly and, by a strange coincidence, an appreciation of it appeared in *Baconiana* for January issued on the very day of his death. The book might almost have been written by a Baconian, for Shakspere of Stratford could not have been "Shakespeare" as Mr. Morton Luce saw him. Another fine work of his was *Shakespeare, the Man and his Work* (1913). Mr. Luce did not receive the recognition he deserved. No doubt, this was because he was too revolutionary and covered dangerous ground with fearless honesty. There was too much of Bacon to please his fellow commentators.

Man's Supreme Inheritance, by F. Matthias Alexander, first published in 1910, has been through many editions, here and in America. One of the chapters discusses the Open Mind.

In *The Morning Leader* of December 17th, 1910, the late Mr. William Archer, who was well known as a dramatic critic and author, opposed the views of Mr. Alexander, saying:

> "There are certain questions on which we cannot keep our minds open, because we know that that way madness lies. . . . The case of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory: Ought we to keep an open mind on that? I am inclined to answer 'No'; for if we once lose grip of the fact that the whole thing is an insanity, we are in danger of being submerged in a swirling torrent of *folie lucide*.'

From this it will be seen that there is a *question*. As to who is covered by the pronoun "we" is not clear, but it can safely be assumed to represent Mr. Archer himself.

He goes on to unburden his own narrow and prejudiced mind, not perceiving that he is guilty of the very obsession and error of judgment which he attributes to the Baconians:

> "But a really open mind on the question is, I conceive, a sympton of exorbitant love of the marvellous, and an imperfect hold upon the reality of things."

Surely, this is the limit of impertinence! Included among the "submerged" ones are George Moore, Lord Penzance, Judge Webb, John Bright, Lord Palmerston, Lord Sydenham, Sir George Greenwood, and Sir John Cockburn, who all achieved great distinction in their respective spheres of activities.

Mr. Alexander replied in the *Morning Leader* of December 23rd, 1910, and "wiped the floor" with Mr. Archer, pointing out that:

> "What he conceives as on open mind here is a mind with an inclination to be perverted (or converted) by specious reasoning," adding, "The rigid attitude which I condemn in this connection is the one that says: 'You will never alter my opinion whatever fresh evidence you may adduce' . . . . it is not until the attitude becomes subconscious and fixed that danger arises. When that comes about, the man who has decided for Shakspere's authorship would remain unconvinced in the face of *any* discovery of new evidence."

Archer's state of mind, as displayed here, is by no means rare. Many Stratfordians are just as bigoted to-day, but, on the whole, there is a distinct tendency towards toleration and even respect with regard to the Shakespeare problem.

The photographs for the portrait of Dr. Wilmot, D.D. (the first Baconian) and of the Rectory of Barton-on-the-Heath, appearing in January *Baconiana*, were supplied by Mr. A. R. Bennett of, Wimbledon, who is a descendant of the Wilmot family. Mr. Bennett is in possesion of substantial evidence in support of the contention that the Letters of Junius were in the handwriting of Dr. Wilmot. This would not necessarily prove his authorship, but it would at least point to his having written them from dictation, or from the manuscript of the author. This would successfully throw any inquisitive person off the scent as the rector's handwriting would not be known in London. He has an engraving showing a clergyman not unlike Dr. Wilmot, seated between two statesmen. Under these figures somebody has written "the Earl of Chatham" and "Lord George Sackville." The three figures are bracketted and in the centre of the bracket is "Junius," printed at the time the engraving was made by T. Bonner in 1779 or 1780. It transpires that Dr. Wilmot was a cousin of the 2nd Earl of Warwick through the Greville family.

Baconiana is now placed in the Reading and Reference Room of the Bishopsgate Institute Library, Bishopsgate, E.C. The Librarian of Sutton and Cheam Public Library has promised to bring *Baconiana* to the notice of the Library Committee, and it is expected that our Journal will be admitted. Dr. Melsome supplies the Public Library at Bath. If members who receive more than one copy would offer similarly they would be helping interest and study in the work of the Society. It is unlikely that the old opposition born of prejudice and ignorance will be encountered to-day.

In *The Nuneaton Chronicle* of 1st January, there appeared a whole column under the heading:

SHAKESPEARE IN POLESWORTH
A.T.S. GIRL'S PILGRIMAGE.

The contribution is signed "M.C" who, we are supposed to understand, is the said A.T.S. girl who is alleged to have made the pilgrimage. Judging by the style, which is very reminiscent of recent Shakespearean "biography," we strongly doubt the status of the "A.T.S. Girl" or of any such "pilgrimage." Here is the prime portion of the article, which compares very closely with the expressive pen and fertile imagination of Mr. Arthur Mee whose "Warwickshire" we noticed in January *Baconiana*:

> "And so I walked again in Arden, amid the red-roofed, black and white cottages of Polesworth; renewed old and friendly contacts with church and vicarage; lingered long and blissfully by the bridge. Time moved as slowly and peacefully as Anker.
>
> Out of this still beauty a voice spoke. Shakespeare, it whispered impressively, must have been at school in Polesworth. Was he not familiar with the local place-names—Tamworth, Hinckley, Greete, Wincot and the rest? Did not Richard (*sic*) Holinshed once live in the forest nearby? Where, but in the enlightened home of Sir Henry Goodere, could our Shakespeare have lived his youthful years? Was I listening to the authentic voice of Shakespeare himself? Surely, that was it! He and I, grown timelessly young again, were creeping unwillingly to school."

It is, perhaps, superfluous to point out that this Polesworth "moonshine" was derived from Professor Arthur Gray's book *An Early Chapter in the life of Shakespeare* (1926). This book made an attempt to dodge around the impassable barrier between the facts known of the life of Shakspere, and the omniscient "Shakespeare" of the plays and poems. As Drayton entered, at a tender age, the household of Sir Henry Goodere at Polesworth, why not place Shakspere there as a page?. It is all so simple, and we can thus explain why there is nothing known as to his early life and schooling, and how

he suddenly launched forth equipped in speech and learning to write *Venus and Adonis* and *Love's Labour's Lost*!

Never mind the fact that Polesworth is the other extreme of the county—a long and difficult journey when roads were mud and rutty tracks, and communications between villages practically non-existent! No sensible person could reasonably suppose that the Shaksperes had never heard of Sir Henry Goodere who lived some 30-40 miles away to the North. The places named in this article have no connection with either the Stratford or the Polesworth districts. Tamworth occurs in *Richard III* as being near the scene of the battle. Hinckley appears in the Gloucestershire scene of *2nd Henry IV*. Wincot has never been identified with certainty; nor has Woncot in *2nd Henry IV*. There is no such place as Greete mentioned in the plays. Christopher Sly refers to "John Naps of *Greece*."

Drayton, who was about a year older than Shakspere, was born in the immediate neighbourhood of Polesworth, and his presence in the Goodere household is quite understandable. He acknowledged his indebtedness to Sir Henry for the culture he had acquired under his roof. Had the two boys shared this experience, there would surely have sprung up a bond of friendship and fellowship. But there is no evidence that there was any mutual understanding between them. As a playwright, Drayton wrote for the Admiral's men who were in rivalry with Burbage's players.

Not even Polesworth could have provided "Shakespeare" with his intimate knowledge of France and Italy, or of the laws, customs and languages of those countries. Neither would it have furnished him with his familiarity with English laws and so enabled him to use its technical terms correctly even from his earliest works.

Part of the "pilgrimage" is strangely reminiscent of Elton's *Michael Drayton* (Constable 1905). About Polesworth it says:

> "It now consists of a street of ruddy-roofed black and white cottages, with the church and adjoining vicarage. Under the bridge crawls Drayton's river, the Ancor, as if in its sleep, like one of his own sluggish Alexandrines."

And the "A.T.S. girl":—

> "Amid the red-roofed black and white cottages of Polesworth renewed old and friendly contacts with church and vicarage; lingered long and blissfully by the bridge. Time moved as slowly and peacefully as Anker."

The parallelism may be a coincidence, but our readers may draw their own conclusions.

The Evening Standard of January 19th contained an illuminating article by H. G. Wells on *The True Greatness of England*. Coming to the "role we played in the release of experimental science, he especially mentions Francis Bacon, adding:

> "And if now scientific work is the most universal thing in the world, none the less it was Francis Bacon, and his posthumous child The Royal Society, who first put research and mutual publication into working order."

The ignorant or malicious people who delight in defaming Bacon should re-consider the ridiculous position in which they place themselves.

Light of January 14th concludes an article on *Spiritualism and Literature* by Miss Lind-af-Hageby. She ends by saying:

> "When I have written for a while, I have a feeling that I am floating in space!"

This is a symptom which seems to affect quite a number of those who try to fit Shakespere of Stratford to the "Shakespeare" of the plays and poems. Apparently she does not consider it was necessary for Shakespeare to travel or "even to read greatly in order to give an accurate description of human character." We agree, so far as it applies to the types one would meet in the usual environment of home and employment. But Shakespeare's characters are mainly of the court and aristocracy, not only of his own country, but of France, Italy and Spain, and they are true to type and nationality. That is apparent from such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*, and the French court scenes in *Henry V*.

With regard to "the views put forward by the Baconian Societies" (we only know of one Bacon Society) she says:

> "The argument is, of course, that Shakespeare could not have written those marvellous plays, could not have drawn those innumerable characters, because of his limited education and the homeliness of his Stratford career."

That is not *the* argument. It is only a small fraction of part of the argument, and it could have been stated much better than that. Baconians do contend that the recorded facts of his life are such that they give rise to the strongest possible presumption against the identity of Shakspere the player with Shakespeare the poet, philosopher, and dramatist. She admits that "Shakespeare was gifted with a supreme capacity for observing what was passing about him in Nature and human life. He was also gifted with a rare power of assimilating rapidly the fruits of reading. His genius caught light and heat from much foreign as well as much domestic literature." As by "Shakespeare" she has in mind the Stratford man, who never thus spelt his name, she is, indeed, "floating in space." But if

these words are applied to the author of the Shakespeare works, who was certainly a great observer and philosopher, then, indeed, they ring true.

Alan Keen, Ltd., of The Gate House, Clifford's Inn, have issued a brochure at 2s. 6d., containing particulars of 47 manuscript volumes which they have purchased, and which had been preserved at Shardeloes, Amersham. This house was once the residence of Bacon's steward, William Tottell, a Law clerk, and son of a printer, William Tottell. Tottell's descendents, the Drake family, and the Tyrwhitt-Drakes have continuously occupied Shardeloes. Tottell died in 1627, a year after Bacon, and he appointed as Overseers to his estate, Sir Randall Crew (Chief Justice, King's Bench) and his brother Sir Thomas Crew, sergeant-at-law. The latter was Bacon's trustee. Among the volumes which have been secured are commonplace books of Sir John Hayward, the historian and author of *The First Part of Henry IV*, which book disturbed Elizabeth's peace of mind, and created some difficulty for Bacon at the time of the Essex treason. Furthermore, there is a commonplace book which belonged to John Harrison, one of the family of printers who put forth *Venus and Adonis*. There were two John Harrisons (father and son) and, no doubt, the note-book belonged to the son, especially as there is a note under the signature of John Harrison that "Mr. Blunt dwells in Paul's Churchyard at the syne of the Black Bears." Edward Blount was joint printer with Isaac Jaggard of the Shakespeare Folio, and the reference is presumably to him.

Some of the volumes contain annotations in Bacon's hand together with his trefoil mark.

We await further news of this interesting collection when it has been thoroughly examined. Meanwhile, the volumes are offered for sale by private treaty at a price not specified.

The remarkable achievment of Mr. Walter Ellis, a member of the Council of the Bacon Society, in having three plays running simultaneously in the West End, was commented upon in *The Evening Standard* of January 25th. Apart from a revival of his famous last-war success *A Little Bit of Fluff*, and his new farce, *Sleeping Out*, he wrote the libretto of *Old Chelsea*. Mr. Ellis, who began as an actor, has always produced his plays. In his own workshop he makes exquisite models of the sets for his plays.

The Standard failed to mention that Mr. Ellis is a keen Baconian and the author of a pamphet *The Shakespeare Myth and the Stratford Hoax*. This can be obtained from the Bacon Society at the price of 7d.

We are very pleased to learn that the rumoured destruction by enemy action of the irreplaceable Durning-Lawrence library at

The Univrsity of London had no foundation. The library was in another and safer part of the building, and suffered no damage.

Attention is called to the *Appeal to our Readers* printed inside the cover of *Baconiana*. The Librarian points out that every care should be made to prevent the dispersal on the decease of the present owners of books bearing Bacon's marks and annotations, and those of the 16th century onward bearing upon Bacon and the literary problems connected with him. It has happened in the past that heirs and executors have either no capacity or no desire to interest themselves in Baconian matters, and, in consequence, many precious collections have been scattered among second-hand booksellers. Had they been bequeathed to the Society, they would have been catalogued and studied by those who can appreciate them. On the conclusion of Peace, the Society hopes to secure worthy premises in London for the unique library which it already possesses. It is proposed to keep each collection bequeathed in a separate section under the name of its donor.

"Candidus," in *The Daily Sketch* of February 4th, named the Bacon-Shakespeare problem as one of those discussions which "generate extreme heat on both sides." This is not the truth, for it is very rare for tempers to get frayed in an argument upon this extremely interesting literary question. Up to about thirty years ago there was certainly much personal abuse, of a disgraceful nature, levelled against Baconians by certain "men-of-letters" who did not like "authority" being questioned. To-day the problem is recognised as reasonable and legitimate. To lose one's temper in debate is a sure sign of prejudice or ignorance, and generally both combined.

Those readers who have mislaid back numbers, and wish to complete their sets for binding, may obtain most of them at reduced prices from the Hon. Secretary.

R.L.E

BOOK REVIEWS.

"This Blessed Plot." By HESKETH PEARSON and HUGH KINGSMILL. (*Methuen*, 8/6.)

In BACONIANA (July, 1942), we reviewed Mr. Hesketh Pearson's *A Life of Shakespeare*, which had recently been published by the Penguin Books, Ltd. He now appears as joint author of a book which covers a considerable area of England, and in which the authors, to quote the publishers' announcement, "have recorded their talks and wanderings in the last three years. Ranging over their past lives, they give their personal experience of many things and people." There are many allusions to Shakespeare upon which it is necessary to comment, but first of all let us give praise where it is due. The book is, on the whole, vastly entertaining especially to those interested in literature, and the stage—past and present.

After reading *A Life of Shakespeare*, it is not difficult to detect Mr. Pearson in those passages where Shakespeare is mentioned, for he has no concern with evidence, "his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered!" He is, in fact, foolishly fanciful. He is such a visionary fanatic that he puts forth any invention to suit the occasion, and so frequently contradicts himself.

On page 13 occurs a typically Pearsonian passage:

> "One sees why *As You* is so popular with rich people, with its pretty young aristocrats, male and female, gambolling innocently about in Arcadia. Shakespeare had reached the point in his life when he was utterly sick of the aristocracy, and of playing up to them, but couldn't bring himself to cut his losses."

Having produced this play twice, and performed in it on other occasions, I can say that I have not noticed then, nor in the various theatres in which I have witnessed performances of it, any special patronage from rich people. As is usual with Shakespeare, the cheaper seats have provided the bulk of the audience, and the intelligent interest in the play. To say that "Shakespeare was utterly sick of the aristocracy" is nonsense, as he continued to write of that class which he best understood. The plays with which it is thought Shakespeare ended his dramatic writings (*Timon* and *The Tempest*) mainly concern aristocrats.

In the next paragraph, which is put into the mouth of Mr. Kingsmill, it is stated as a fact that "he actually played" old Adam. It was 93 years after his death, and over 100 years after *As You Like It* was written, that the suggestion was first made. There is no reliable evidence to support it.

On page 55, Pearson and Kingsmill carry on a dialogue about things they would have liked to see:

> *Pearson*: Shakespeare at a rehearsal of *Henry IV*, because I should have seen the greatest of poets speaking his verse in the way he wished it to be spoken, and the greatest of humorists trying to make the actor Pope understand that Falstaff was not merely a comic character. . . . . .
>
> *Kingsmill*: I'd have liked to see Shakespeare screaming at Burbage that only a fool like him could fail to grasp that *Timon of Athens* would be a more certain draw than Hamlet.

Here, of course, "Shakespeare stands for Shakspere of Stratford. As there is no contemporary record or even bare mention of any part played by him in the plays, it is very doubtful whether he was a sufficiently good and versatile actor to have conducted rehearsals. On what evidence is the inference made that Pope played Falstaff? A good producer never screams at a member of his company, and no producer would dare to resort to such rudeness towards the principal actor and shareholder of the playhouse. Rowe, in 1709, said that from his enquiries he could only hear by tradition with regard to Shakspere "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet." This happens

to be a part requiring no acting ability, as it is "vox et praeterea nihil." This was scarcely a qualification for "screaming at Burbage," who would have roared back in the voice which has made his roaring for a horse in *Richard III* one of his greatest accomplishments, judging by contemporary report.

On page 65, we have another improbable yarn turned into a statement of fact. Being in the vicinity of Salisbury, the authors discuss Wilton:

> *Pearson*: Yes, Wilton, where Shakespeare performed *As You Like It* before James I and his Court.
>
> *Kingsmill*: I didn't know that.
>
> *Pearson*: Cory, the poet of *Heraclitus*, was staying at Wilton in the sixties of the last century, and was told by his hostess that the family had a letter written in 1604 by the Countess of Pembroke to her son, who was with James at Salisbury. In it she asked her son to bring the king over to a performance of *As You*, and added 'We have the man Shakespeare with us.'

The truth is that no such letter has ever been known to exist, and honest biographers reject the story. No evidence is known as to W.S. ever having been to Wilton, or that he was (as is stated on the same page) "patronised by the king."

We learn, on page 86, that in May (1940), Pearson, "who could no longer contain himself on the subject of Shakespeare, withdrew to Washington, in Sussex, and set to on a biography of the poet." What he was bursting to deliver was not a biography of the poet, but yet another volume of fiction upon the theme of William of Stratford. To write amidst the charms of Washington should be an inspiration, coupled with a constant reminder of a famous namesake who is chiefly associated with a reputation for truth.

Perhaps the predicament of Mr. Pearson is best summed up by what was said with regard to Dr. G. B. Harrison's *Introducing Shakespeare*, reviewed in BACONIANA (July, 1939):

> "It would surely be far better for the Stratfordian theory if there were no biographical details of Shakspere at all, because, if we knew nothing, we might imagine anything, as indeed most Stratford apologists now quite unblushingly do. What we do know is fatal to the Stratford case, and it gives rise to the strongest presumption against the identity of Shakspere the player with Shakespeare the poet and dramatist."

R.L.E.

"A Royal Romance. By JAMES ARTHER. (Published by The Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, India.)

This book contains an account of some of the secret, early life story of Francis Bacon drawn from passages in the cypher writings decoded by Dr. Owen in his Word Cypher, and Mrs. Gallup's Biliteral Cypher.

The author's object in employing these deciphered records is to apply the information thence derived to the Shakespearean writings and trace the Author's autobiographical memoirs therein. This is illustrated from "The two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merchant of Venice," Spenser's "Colin Clout," and others.

Mr. Arther enumerates the different cypher systems devised and used by Francis Bacon as decoded by Mrs. Gallup in the text of the "Novum Organum," as follows:—

> "We have devised six which we have used in a few of our books. They are (1) Biliteral, (2) Word, (3) Capital letter, (4) Time or more oft called Clock, (5) Symbol, and (6) Anagrammatic. The first surely needeth no explanation if our invention have been found out. It demandeth fuller instruction if it be still unseen. A most clear plain example shall makc it stand forth so that he who but runneth by shall read. It will require some fine work of the tools as of the mind."
>
> "Next the Great (or Word) cypher spoken of so frequently—termed the most important invention since it is of far greater scope—shall here be again explained."

It is on the instructions given in the decoded message as to the scope and use of the six cyphers that Mr. Arther has written and produced his book.

The book, which is well printed and illustrated, is in two parts, the first containing, amongst other things, contrasted character sketches of Robert Cecil and Francis Bacon, the former illustrated by allusions from the Essays and the Shakespeare plays. The second part deals with Symbolical and Numerical Cyphers as used in the plays and other masked works, and demonstrated by the author. There is also a chapter on the English Bible, which is of considerable interest as containing examples of both Symbolical and Numerical Cyphers.

On page 302, when discussing the curious "*misprint*" in the book of Micah, where, on one page, the headline has "JOEL" substituted for Micah. Mr. Arther has apparently not noticed that JOEL has the numerical count of 39, equivalent of F. BACON. Micah, as he points out, has the count of 33, so we get Bacon, F. Bacon, particularising the "Bacon."

This book should appeal to all Baconians, whether interested in Bacon's cypher system or not, and also to outside readers.

The book is furnished with a good analytical index of chapter contents, making reference easy. It is a full book.

L.B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

BACON'S "SHORT" COUNT, NUMERICAL CIPHER.—G.W.

Dear Sir,

Alfred Dodd, in "Personal Poems of Francis Bacon," 3rd Ed., page 282, states:—

> "It has been definitely established . . . . . that the Rosicrosse Literary Society used a number count to denote names and words by definite system—"Simple," "Kaye,"—There was also a 'Reverse' Count—a "*Short Count*" from 1 (A) to 9 (I) having K.1 and Z.6. "T" was counted 10 or 1. . . . . Francis Bacon was the Imperator of the Rosicrosse and used the Numerical System to denote his own name and also the names of his Secret Society, FRA. Rosi-Crosse, which printed and published his works privately. These productions, whether over his own name or a pen-name, were sealed so repeatedly with definite numbers that chance must be eliminated."

My contention is this: All the results of the System used by Theobald in deciphering the *lines*, in particular books, using "Simple," "Kaye" and "Reverse," and often "Unsymetrical," were able to be disclosed in several exact spellings of certain names of Bacon, and his "Masks," because they contained a considerable number of letters, the Rule appears to have been formed by Theobald himself through continued research, and nowhere (that I can find) has he stated that he had contemporary authority for the Rule, although Dodd seems to *hint* that it came from a Rosicrucian Source.

By using the three counts referred to, Theobald was enabled to utilize the many letters or words which he found in each line of type. But the use of the "Short Count" (as its name implies) enables the discipherer to discover, by its limited number of letters or numbers, almost all of the shorter names of Bacon with its contractions, including *Bacon*, *B'con*, &c., in great numbers, and in *expected* places.

Thus the "Short" Count, I found, was under *entirely different Rules* from the other counts (hence probably its being overlooked in modern days). It appears to have been very little used for the "Masks," and mainly for signatures. It is my hope that it will take its own place amongst the other counts for that purpose.

It is noticeable that *Bacon* does not describe the use of the Counts of Numerical Cipher, for obvious reasons.

P. WALTERS.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

Sir,

Will you kindly allow me to correct a statement which appears in my article, "Facts that Fit" (III), on p. 27 of the last number of BACONIANA (January, 1943). Referring to the Northumberland MS., I mentioned certain features of the document "as certified by the British Museum Authorities" as being in the handwriting of Francis Bacon. I was under the full impression at the time of writing that such was the case, but have since ascertained that there seems to be some doubt upon the point.

Edwin Reed, in his book, "Coincidences" (1906), states: "The present custodian of this collection at the Northumberland House Library expresses the opinion, it is said, that the MS. contents of the cover, including some of the entries, if not all of them, that connect the book with the poems and plays of Shakespeare, are in Bacon's handwriting. An accomplished expert, employed in this line of work by the City of Boston, Mass., concurs in this view." (p. 33).

In the absence, however, of direct evidence as to the concurrence of the B.M. authorities in this view, I should prefer to correct the statement in question.

Yours faithfully,

H. KENDRA BAKER.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

AN EARLY FREEMASON.

Sir,

The statement has sometimes been made that Francis Bacon was the founder of Freemasonry.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, under the heading Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, mention is made that, in addition to his accomplishments in poetry and music, he had "a zeal for freemasonry, and he became in 1561 a Grand Master of the Order, whose headquarters were then at York. He resigned the Office in 1567, but while Grand Master he is stated to have done the fraternity good service by initiating into its innocent secrets some royal officers who were sent to break up the Grand Lodge at York. Their report to the Queen convinced her that the Society was harmless, and it was not molested again." The authorities given are Dr. James Anderson's *New Book of the Constitutions of the Fraternity of Freemasons* (1738), Preston's *Illustrations of Masonry*, and Hyneman's *Ancient York and London Grand Lodges* (1872).

As Bacon was born in the year that Lord Buckhurst became Grand Master, freemasonry must have been a "going concern" before his time. Is there any record as to other members of the Lodge at York?

Yours faithfully,

PROSPERO.

The Editor, BACONIANA.

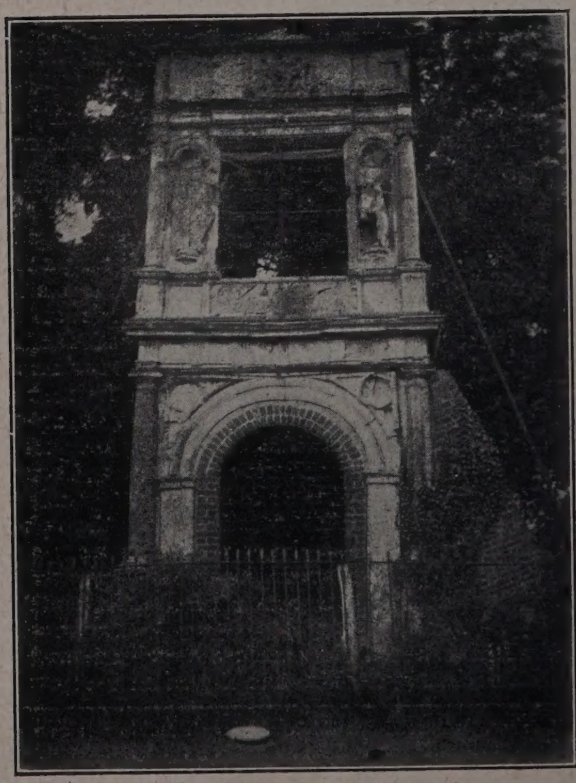
THE EEL EMBLEM.

Sir,

The reference to the Eel Emblem which appeader in Mr. Biddulph's article in BACONIANA of last July is specially interesting to me. "Oliver Lector" was personally known to me, and it was in association with him that I undertook the excavations in search of the lost Shakespearian manuscripts. Shortly before his death he gave me his copy of Jacob de Bruck's Emblem book, containing the Eel Emblem, to which Mr. Biddulph refers. More interesting to me, however, is the fact that on the ground where my search has been carried on, now temporarily suspended by the war, is an exact reproduction of the "U" portion of the emblem. That fact is additional confirmation of my belief that my site is the correct place to search for the manuscripts. I might say that when my digging operations had to be suspended I had just discovered the beginning of the definite wall for which I had been searching.

Berkhamsted. A. E. LOOSLEY.

GORHAMBURY IN 1568



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF GORHAMBURY TO-DAY